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FEBRUARY 1, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

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Cover: Betty Davis ▶

Faded, sophisticated and—on occasion—wildlike, this willowy suitor from Vermont is one of the American girls who could dominate the Alpine ski events at Squaw Valley.

Painting by Donald Schwartz

Next week



▶ The appealing Redington Miller represents a breed that has proved impervious to the dangers of dog shows. Other dogs have not been so fortunate. Virginia Kraft explains why.

▶ Soccer is far and away the world's most popular sport. A picture essay by Brian Seed reveals the spirit and fascination of this fast-moving game as played in Great Britain.

▶ Hong Kong is a city totally oriented to the water. Carlton Mitchell investigates its boatways and bays as a play port, travel, pastime, and past Oriental moorings.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

It was a quiet week around the country with most major teams out of action, for the exam period. But there were some good games and promise of many more to come as the season moves this week into its second half.

THE SOUTH

Auburn produced an complete a reversal of form in one week as anyone is likely to see all season. On Tuesday the Tigers defeated Georgia Tech, ranked sixth nationally, 66-59, but on Saturday went flat against a 20-20 Georgia (8-6), lost 68-58. Against Tech, Auburn went up but 39 shots, scored with 23. Against Georgia—which had set a school scoring record earlier in the week by beating Southern 97-72—Auburn hit with only 58% of its shots in the last half, just one basket in the final eight minutes. Eastern Kentucky, apparently on its way to its second straight Ohio Valley championship (6-8 in league, 10-3 for season) knocked off Tennessee Tech 76-67, Morehead State 198-80, before losing to North Carolina State 55-58. Western Kentucky was dropped by Xavier (Ohio) 75-66, righted itself by beating Bowling Green 85-61. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (14-1)
2. GEORGIA TECH (14-1)
3. NORTH CAROLINA (14-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M, leader of the Southwestern Conference and highly regarded in the wire service polls, got a bad game out of its system and still managed to win. Frequently committing flow mistakes and making only 38.7% of their shots, the Aggies beat a very cold Rice (the Owls made only 19% of their shots) 61-43. Baylor continued its domination of Texas, downed the Longhorns 68-62, for the fifth straight time. In the only game in the Border Conference, Arizona State scored 16 points in the last four minutes, beat Arizona University 71-61. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (20-0)
2. SOUTHERN METHODIST (14-0)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (15-0)

THE WEST

Utah State, playing its starting five for all but a minute and 46 seconds of the game, started off fatigued, beat Montana 83-74 for its fourth straight Skyline Conference victory. Cornell Green mixed jump shots with layups, scored 25 points

for the Aggies. Utah brushed past Brigham Young 76-63. Colorado State's Chuck Newcomb, held scoreless in the first half, sank 25 points, led the Aggies to 77-63 win over New Mexico. Idaho State slipped past Western State on successive nights 70-62 and 75-62. A small but scrappy Air Force team dominated the backboards, defeated Wyoming 57-53. Seattle, not the team it once was with Elgin Baylor, won a rough-and-rough game from Montana State, 102-93. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (14-0)
2. UTAH STATE (14-1)
3. UTAH (24-1)

THE EAST

Villanova, spotting a chance to rise to the top in the East with NYU idle, won both of its games as casually as a gentleman delfs his hat. Getting good rebounding from George Raveling and 49 points from John Driscoll, usually not a big scorer, the Wildcats beat Seton Hall 94-68, Penn 71-58. Earlier in the week Penn moved out of the Ivy League and defeated ice-cold Temple (20 for 78 from the floor) 54-47. Five points in the last 35 seconds by Les Wilkens helped Providence upset heavily favored St. Joseph's 64-52. Dartmouth used its entire squad of 14 players, beat Springfield 78-59 for its fifth straight win. Army (9-3) picked the wrong year to renew an old rivalry, lost

to vastly improved St. John's 78-64. St. Bonaventure's shooting fifth brothers, Tom and Sam, slipped in 194 points (Tom 68, Sam 51) as the Bonnies defeated Geneva 92-74, Canisius 73-67. Against bitter rival Canisius, St. Bonaventure came from 11 points behind with six minutes left, moved to their seventh straight victory before the largest Buffalo crowd (11,381) in three years. Massachusetts pointed on 44th/40 88-59, Siena 69-52. The top three:

1. BALKANIAN (21-0)
2. NYU (20-2)
3. PROVIDENCE (10-3)

THE MIDWEST

Ohio State, moving lithely ahead in the Big Ten race, beat Purdue 85-71 for its fourth straight league win. The much publicized first meeting between sophomore Jerry Lucas and Purdue's high-scoring sophomore Terry Disinger ended in a draw with Disinger scoring 22, Lucas 27, but Lucas sat out the last 8:42 of the game. When asked if he thought his team would go through its league season undefeated, Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor said, "Why that hasn't happened in our league since Illinois had the White Kids (12-0) in 1943." The current Illinois team watched Minnesota's 29 field goals, lost 77-70 when officials called 21 fouls against the Illini, only nine against the Gophers. Five nights later Minnesota played Northwestern at Evanston, lost 62-61. Cincinnati's Big Osh, Oscar Robertson, had his worst night of the year and as had a night as any in his whole college career, scored only 15 points as the Bearcats lost past Duquesne 61-58. Bradley followed its upset of Cincinnati with a win at the Chicago Stadium over Notre Dame 86-65. The Irish had a miserable week, losing earlier to Detroit 65-63. It was their fifth loss and all of them have been on the road. Kansas, hoping to stay in contention in the Big Eight, lost

twice—to Oklahoma State 62-49 and Iowa State 72-60. League-leading Kansas State boosted its record to 5-5 with a 68-66 defeat of Iowa State. DePaul stopped Miami (Ohio) 81-79. The top three:

1. BRADLEY (20-0)
2. CINCINNATI (14-1)
3. OHIO STATE (13-1)

THE PACIFIC

For the eighth time in 16 years the East lost the West in the NBA's annual All-Star Game, 128-118. Before 19,421 spectators here at Philadelphia's Convention Hall, Wilt Chamberlain scored 33 points, pulled down 23 rebounds, took the most valuable-player award. Other stars: the East's Delph Schayes, 19 points, Bill Sharman 17; the West's Jack Twyman (see page 28) 27, Elgin Baylor 25.



MISSING player-back on Georgia Tech's Wayne Richards (52), Auburn's Henry Hart scores as Dave Denton misses ball.

Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: Is the official AAU attitude toward amateurism outdated?



GEORGE B. BENEDICT
Evansville, Ind.
Business manager
Courier & Press

Yes. A large segment of the people feel that the AAU rules are too stringent, that they draw too fine a line between amateurism and professionalism, that they do not make clear what money a man can receive and still remain an amateur. A star athlete should get enough to permit him to live at a top hotel.



KELLUM JOHNSON
Dallas
Former president
AAU

No. The people who understand the rules and their purpose are very much in accord. We permit a \$15-a-day allowance for room and board. That's plenty, and we oppose the payment of larger sums. In college, officials deny that they give athletes any more than their conference allows. I believe them.

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International
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No, Amateurs, or the love of and devotion to the task at hand rather than the reward, is the quality which is essential to success in every field. It is a thing of the spirit. The world would be a sorry place without it. Amateurs are not always understood but they cannot be outdone.

**HOWARD MITHUN**

Vice-president
Hollywood Star
and Tribune

The rules are not outmoded, they're out-manufactured. I'd like to see the athletic scholarship eliminated. Athletes should be treated like all students. They should go out and fight for the honor of making the team. The best football team I ever saw at Minnesota was made up of pure amateurs.

**ANDREW B. SHELTON**

Athlete, Times
Executive vice-
president
Reporter-News

Sure, it's outmoded. I compare the public attitude towards amateurs to that towards Prohibition, when the sale of liquor was prohibited, but everyone bought what they pleased. Amateur rules, as set down by the A.A.U., are as unrealistic as the Prohibition law, and people don't hesitate to violate them.

**ROGER H. FESSENDEN**

President and
publisher
Cleveland Enquirer

Yes. Those who are making and enforcing the amateur rules are doing so with the view of a hygienic era. These rules are no longer realistic. Enforcing them is akin to living in the past. They should be changed through an agreement with other countries to coincide with the views of the majority.



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JACK TWYMAN of the *Rays* stands by **Maurice Stokas's** bedside in *Christ Hospital, Chatswell*. Though he is mentally

alert, **Stokas** still cannot speak. As Twyman recites the alphabet, **Stokas** nods at certain letters to spell out his words.

A BRAVE MAN AND A GOOD FRIEND

When Basketball Star Maurice Stokes was paralyzed by a brain injury, teammate Jack Twyman became his steadfast support and inspiration. Now there is hope Stokes will walk again

by JEREMIAH TAX

MAURICE STOKES, former All-America basketball player and star of the Cincinnati Royals professional club, went to a game last weekend with his one-time teammate, Jack Twyman. It was the first time he had left Christ Hospital, Cincinnati since he contracted meningoencephalitis two years ago.

The moving story of the relationship between these two men begins the night of March 15, 1966 when, returning to Cincinnati from a game in Detroit, Stokes collapsed on the plane. Only the quick action of a stewardess in giving him oxygen kept him alive until he was rushed to the hospital. The illness, commonly called sleeping sickness, is believed to have been caused by a blow on the head Stokes suffered when he was knocked to the floor in a game a few days earlier. He lay in a coma for six weeks. When he regained consciousness, he was in total paralysis.

In the months since, as the pictures on the following pages show, Stokes has made remarkable progress toward recovering control of his 6-foot-7, 290-pound body. From immobility, his muscles as taut as steel cables, he has fought his way to a stage where he now has halting use of arms and fingers. At first unable to utter a sound, he now can approximate most vowels; the more difficult consonants will take longer to achieve. He has been greatly helped by three selfless nurses—Lillian Sampler, Velma Mitchell and Eleanor Jones—and Physiotherapist Charles Eliopoulos.

But Stokes's determination to struggle through each day's painful sessions of therapy has been the chief reason for his steady improvement. When Eliopoulos applies his full strength in the effort to loosen a knee or hip joint, the pain drives sweat from every pore of Stokes's body and helpless gasps of agony from his clenched jaw. But, hour by hour, he comes back for more, and at the end of each session he and Eliopoulos are limp and exhausted. He works endlessly with rubber balls and an electric typewriter, forcing twisted, reluctant fingers to

Associated Press



BEFORE ILLNESS STOKES (L), TWYMAN (R) PLAY FOR ROYALS

BRAVE MAN continues

obey the commands of his brain. He lies for hours submerged in a huge Hubbard Tank, which is really an oversized whirlpool bath, while the circulating water loosens ever so slowly the muscles and joints. And now, finally, he endures the steel and leather braces holding him upright while he fights for movement through pressure of his arms on parallel bars.

Much of the time, Jack Twyman is by Stokes's side, by turns stern and sympathetic, coaxing and encouraging him to continue the struggle. These two were together on the Royals for several years; Stokes, one of the best rebounders in basketball, would get the ball and Twyman, one of the best shooters, would put it through the hoop. After the first few days of Stokes's illness his savings were exhausted, and his parents, who live in Pittsburgh, were unable to handle the many complicated problems of his care. Jack Twyman simply took over. From the status of friend, stirred by a teammate's plight, he became, literally, Stokes's keeper. He had himself appointed Stokes's legal guardian, has supervised all his affairs since and spends hours, every day he is in Cincinnati, at Christ Hospital.

The physician in charge of Stokes's

rehabilitation, Dr. Ben Hawkins, has served without fee, but hospital bills still run to about \$75 a day for round-the-clock nursing care, drugs and therapy. Twyman and a Cincinnati lawyer, Walter Beall, have arranged for most of this to be paid by Ohio State Workmen's Compensation, but there are many incidental expenses, and, if all goes well, the time will come when Stokes will no longer be eligible for state aid and will go home to Pittsburgh. There is reason to hope that Stokes will soon be able to walk with the help of crutches.

To provide for the day when Stokes must support himself, Twyman has devoted himself to raising money through voluntary contributions, benefit games and various business deals. Once, for example, he persuaded an Altoona, Pa., tomato-sauce manufacturer to donate 1,600 cases, which Twyman then sold to a food chain for \$4,796. Many other individuals and corporations have contributed to the Stokes Fund, and a steady stream of dimes and dollars from ordinary fans continues to arrive at Christ Hospital. In all, Twyman has raised more than \$40,000. One anonymous letter to Twyman said, "Where but in this country could I, a Jew, send money to you, a Catholic, to help a Negro?"



COMFORTED BY NURSE AND TWYMAN.

DRINKING AND SWEATING. Stokes lies in Hubbard Tank for a full hour each afternoon. Warm water loosens his circulation and loosens his tightly drawn muscles.



FORMING SMOLE. Agent, Thompson, David Broder brushes, smooths and shapes Stokes's mouth to match hers.



SICKEN TENSES AGAINST EXTREME PAIN AS THERAPIST ELISPAULO PRESSES HIS KNEE APART AND DOWN TO EXERCISE HIP JOINTS

PECKING LABORIOUSLY at electric typewriter under Nurse Espartero's watchful eye, Sicken aims his fingers with the aid of a

slip. An excellent form of therapy, typing also offers Sicken the hope that he will soon be able to write to his well-wishers.



CONTINUED



SHUFFLING DOWN hospital warrior in his braces, Escobar is helped by Therapist Elioquias (Jodden) and Nurse Mitchell.

TRIUMPHANT over the pain of braces, Escobar stands unaided between parallel bars, can hold position for few minutes.





DEEP ATTACHMENT to Twyman has led Stokes to Catholicism. Here he takes instruction from Father John Campbell, principal of Cincinnati's De Porres High School.

PAYING BILLS and handling all of Stokes's mail, which is sent first to Mrs. Twyman in kibitzed by Lin, 24, and his wife Carol. Letters often contain razzies for Stokes.



LEAVING HOSPITAL for first time, Stokes sets out with Twyman to see Royals play Warriors. Doctors believe he will soon walk aided only by crutches, and Stokes vows he will play baseball again.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



BOB SKENE SWINGS THE BIG MALLET

Photograph by Phil Duff

Against a backdrop of tight-packed desert palms, America's 10-goal polo great, Bob Skene, rode out with some fellow Californians last week to take on a team of French polo buffs. Exuberantly pressing the opposition, as in his mallet-waving charge above, he led an Eldorado Polo Club team to victory over the visiting French Baguettes at Palm Desert, Calif. The craggy-faced Skene,



5, whose rating equaled the 10-goal handicap of the whole French team, used a one-goal player and two ranked teammates to complete his squad.

It turned out that he needed the help. The Bagatelles old Skene to five goals in a tense, seesawing match that wasn't decided until the last seconds of the last hukker when Skene whacked home his fifth score for

an Eldorado victory, 10-5. The closeness of the match pleased both the French, who were playing on borrowed horses, and the Americans, who were enjoying a three-week role as international polo hosts. Said Frenchman Claude Terrail, owner of the celebrated Paris restaurant Tour d'Argent (ratings: three stars in the Guide Michelin, one goal in polo): "It's the spirit that counts."

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS



PURPOSEFUL ANDY DWYER of the Beaver Dam Juniors gets off a burst of speed. Andy, 12, is son of Yale Footballer Martin Dwyer.

OLD IVY hockey players are as common as hard clams along the suburban North Shore of Long Island. Until a few years ago all of them were haunted by a single horrid thought: their sons might grow up to be basketball players.

It seemed only too probable. Basketball, a game played in the comfort of steam-heated gymnasiums, is far more suitable to the uncertainties of Long Island weather than outdoor ice hockey and is vastly preferred as a winter sport by the public and private schools in the area. To snatch the younger generation from the jaws of probability, two former Yale rink men, Estate Manager Allen Betts, '31, and Insurance Broker Peter Guernsey, '44, now devote part of each winter week to coaching the young in hockey.



AT FACE-OFF Coach Allen Betts, who once played for Yale, then for The St. Nicholas Club of New York, teaches puck

OF BASKETBALL

at the Beaver Dam Winter Sports Club's artificial rink in Locust Valley.

The club itself was founded in 1916 by the grandfathers of today's young players to furnish winter sport to grownups. Its junior division was organized by Betta and Guernsey in 1967. The youngsters, ranging in age from 9 to 14 and now numbering more than 70, are divided into two groups. The upper, or A, league is made up of more skilled players, who wear uniforms and play against teams from similar clubs in Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Long Island.

The B league is made up for the most part of their kid brothers, who play intramurally—and perhaps play all the harder because their nondescript uniforms still consist of whatever Mom can find in the closet.

Photographs by Leonard Kessler



between Barclay Weeks and Andy Dwyer in a drill. Both dream of making the varsity themselves one of these days.



WATCHING THE BIG BOYS. aged 11 to 14, the 9-to 11-year-olds of the B squad stand at the ready, awaiting their turn on the ice.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Golf Lesson for a Politician

MY wife makes the friends for the family; I make the enemies," says J. Bracken Lee, former Governor of Utah. At one time or another he has done battle with the U.N., foreign aid, federal income taxes and even schoolteachers. But Lee, now the freshly elected Mayor of Salt Lake City, never knew how many enemies he could really make until last week when he decided to close a city golf course before it ever opened.



Mayor Lee started innocently enough with a crusade to cut the city's budget. Amidst much public applause he rescinded city pay raises and lopped off employees. Then, heady with success, Lee discovered that \$25,000 was going to be spent to finish a new 18-hole public golf course. He bade city commissioners stop further work on it. Told that \$215,000 had already been spent and that the course was 86% completed, Lee was adamant.

They Said It

DOLPH SCHAYES, of the Syracuse Nationals, after hearing *Will Chamberlain's* new rock 'n' roll record: "I hope he sells a million copies. Then maybe he'll quit basketball."

JOSEPH DONOGHUE, vice-president of the Philadelphia Eagles, objecting to Marshall Leaky as National Football League commissioner: "Listen, that Leaky wants \$75,000. We can get Eisenhower for that."

JIMMY POWERS, voice of TV at the Paul Pender-Ray Robinson fight, after Sugar Ray threw punches after the 12th-round bell: "It's hard to hear the bell up there; there's a tremendous amount of smoke here in Boston Garden."

Any duffer could have told the mayor what would happen next. Golfers phoned, wrote letters and invaded City Hall in person to tee off on Mayor Lee.

"He doesn't play golf or he would not do such an insane thing," cried persceptive golfers. (Lee fishes, hunts and shoots trap.)

Giving ground slightly, the mayor scheduled a public hearing last week. Five hundred citizens jammed the hearing room while another 100 stood in the hall. "Looks like the first tee on Sunday," said a spectator.

Mayor Lee arrived tight-lipped, was greeted with boos and hisses, was obliged to listen as he was told the facts of golfing life in Salt Lake City: roughly 200,000 rounds of golf were played on the city's three courses in 1959; waiting time is two hours on weekdays, and reservations are a must on weekends; moreover, the city courses made a \$46,000 profit last year.

"The city has more urgent needs," Mayor Lee suggested lamely. "Let's study the matter further."

But the city commissioners, more sensitive to the sporting mood than their executive, had heard enough. They joined, an emphatic foursome, in voting to complete the new course. Mayor Lee had to retreat.

Any duffer could have told him: J. Bracken Lee had got himself into an unplayable lie.

Cheate's Boat

THE New York Boat show closed Sunday after record sales and orders of \$32 million, an increase of 18% over last year's record sales and orders. Contributing to the boom was Joe Choate, manager of the New York show for the past 11 years. Carried away, Choate decided to buy a boat himself, a 14-foot sloop for \$1,975. It is the first he has ever owned. "I guess I always had too many chances to use other people's boats," he said.

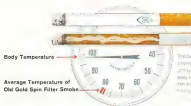
It's 1960 All Right

THE week's headlines were full of familiar names—names that made headlines through the 1950s, even the 1940s. But the news about them had a special sound. Sugar Ray Robinson, pushing 40, came back to the ring after a long layoff and lost his middleweight title to a lad of 29. Sam Snead, 47, made the news by catching a handsome bass in Lake Okeechobee—he was letting a lot of younger fellows go after the \$50,000 Crosby Open in California. Ted Williams, 41, got into the papers in Boston: it was chilly, miserable weather, and an old neck pain was bothering Ted. If the pain keeps up, he won't play ball this year, Ted said. Yes, it was 1960, all right.

It was a week in which major league hallplayers opened their mail and studied their new contracts. Stan Musial, 39, of the St. Louis Cardinals, was asked to take a cut (from \$100,000 to \$80,000). Musial, manfully, said the cut was overdue. "In fact I'm glad to sign this contract," he said, "because a couple of times in the past the Cards have had me

continued

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Enjoy King's Ransom through the evening, but do try it after dinner as a liqueur. You'll find King's Ransom wonderfully versatile.

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Company, Louisville, Kentucky*

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

sign for more than we agreed upon orally. This year I thought I'd be kind to them."

Philadelphia's veteran pitcher, Robin Roberts, hid whatever else he must have felt when he said: "I have to admit I deserved to be cut. It wasn't a tremendous slice, and for a man who lost 17 games and won 15, it was justified." Waltey Ford of the Yankees was resigned to a cut but wasn't asked to take one. Although he lost 10 games while winning 16 ("Who did I beat? Kansas City and Washington?" he grumped), he was promised the same salary as last year, \$35,000. "The first thing I did was look for a stamp," said Ford. "I wanted to sign that contract and get it back before they changed their minds."

But one man's winter can be another man's spring. It was all sunshine and crocuses, for instance, for Larry Sherry, 24, of the Dodgers; he got his pay doubled for winning the World Series for Los Angeles. And for Harmon Killebrew, 28, about all there was last season to the Washington Senators' firepower (42 home runs); Killebrew got more than double his 1959 money in a contract calling for \$22,000. And for Cleveland's Rocky Colavito, 26, who tied Killebrew for the American League home run title; he was offered a raise from \$28,000 to \$32,000.

Colavito, however, doesn't impress as easily as Sherry and Killebrew, and he sent back word his signature was really worth \$40,000. Any Cleveland schoolgirl with an autograph book would probably agree.

The Belly Series

SOME football people call it the winter Belly Series. A racing writer calls it the annual Steaks Race. Call it what you will, the sports banquet season is at its peak, and medals, honors and anecdotes are pouring forth. Herewith a conscientious selection of the quips having greatest success:

Early Wynn, the White Sox pitcher, has a strong line ready whenever he is introduced as "a guy who wouldn't give his own mother a good



"All 300 are dead!"

pitch to hit." "Mother," says Early, "was a hell of a hitter."

Jim Whalley, baseball coach at the University of Georgia, is telling of his undergraduate days with Sports Announcer Mel Allen at the University of Alabama: "As a freshman outfielder, Mel would run in on a fly ball shouting 'I've got it,' and then drop it. But Mel majored in English. When he was a senior, and better educated, Mel would run in on a fly ball shouting 'I *see* it,' then drop it."

One of the stories on the Texas circuit belongs to George Wright, sports news director of Baylor University: "A bishop and a football coach arrived at the pearly gates together, and the bishop was nearly ignored while the coach was greeted with a lavish parade and carried to a throne. 'If you do that for a football coach,' the bishop asked, 'what do you do for a bishop?' 'Nothing,' replied the guardian of the gates. 'We get a bishop a week,

but that's the first football coach we've had.'"

But by general consent, the best-received speech in Texas, maybe anywhere, has been the short address of welcome that Blackie Sherrod, sports columnist of the *Dallas Times Herald*, delivered at a Texas Hall of Fame luncheon. Said Sherrod:

"I am indeed grateful for this opportunity to rise and welcome you, particularly since I have always admired greatly the men being inducted into the Hall of Fame, since two great teams, Syracuse and Texas, are present, and also since the program is long and this is the last chance I'll have to straighten my shorts."

The Pin Spotter Reaches London

IT WAS known was there to bowl but it was not precisely the kind you might expect to see in a Midwest shopping center on Saturday night.

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

There was a detachment of trumpeters from the Queen's Life Guards. There were at least a dozen peers of the realm on hand. There was a blonde film star named Carole Lesley in a very low-cut evening dress who obliged by stooping agreeably low over a bowling ball. There was London Soccer Star Danny Blanchflower and a covey of his colleagues. And to roll out the first ball—encased in shining gilt—there was famed Sir John Hunt, the brave British brigadier who organized the first conquest of Mount Everest. And last, but never least, there was Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (who would be addressed as Sir Douglas except for the annoyance of being a U.S. citizen) to drop a sentimental tear because he had "once worked as a pin boy at Watch Hill, R.I. and earned half a dollar an afternoon."

Thus, last week, American-style bowling made its debut in London. The American Machine and Foundry Company, whose automatic pin spotters have long since done away with pin boys and helped to work a social revolution in U.S. bowling, hopes to make considerably more than Sir

1962," said AMF's British manager George Lord, "England will be covered with bowling lanes. I'm convinced it's going to be a palliative to all the evils we have in the world today."

Bowling for Gentlemen

WHILE Londoners were devoting themselves to a celebration of bowling's glorious future (see above), other sports fans were attempting to revive the great past of pugilism at a boxing tournament in Oxford. The tournament was the first to be held by

the Pierce Egan Boxing Club, an organization of Oxford and Cambridge amateur fighters.

The club, founded a year ago, was conceived by an Oxford medical student and named by Neil Allen, boxing writer for *The Times* of London, in honor of his great 19th century sportswriting predecessor. Pierce Egan was the author of *Boxiana* and creator of two of the most popular fictional fist-fighters of the English Regency, Corinthian Tom and Jerry Hawthorn, better and more simply known to history as Tom and Jerry.

"We wanted," said Allen, "to bring

WHY SHOULD CHICAGO

LIKE IT OR NOT, the major league baseball fan of today is forced to be monogamous—or to put it another way—faithful to the league of his city's choice. In Chicago can a fan be happily polygamous and enjoy the live baseball of both leagues.

Of course, it didn't used to be this way. But there is no point in lingering long over the grand old days when there were two teams in St. Louis, two in Philadelphia, two in Boston and three in New York (if you count Brooklyn). The 1968 major league schedules are published this week, and they spell out these offerings:

The customary 154 games of league play for each team; two All-Star games, on the 11th and 13th of July; a creeping increase of night baseball (602 games out of 1,232 will be at night this year, as compared with 558 out of 1,232 last year).

You will be able to watch a good deal of the schedule on television, though there are some who think that baseball is really too large to squeeze into a TV screen. And you can see live major league baseball in 15 different cities, which is all to the good—if you're satisfied to see the players of just one league (except in lucky Chicago, of course).

Willie Mays will continue to be a stranger to the fan in his old hometown of New York, barring a World Series between the San Francisco

Giants and the Yankees. Again barring a Series between the Yankees and Giants (or Dodgers), West Coast fans will have no glimpse of Mickey Mantle. And if anyone doubts that the West wants the Yanks, he has only to remember the 83,000 fans who thronged the L.A. Coliseum when Stengel's boys played the Dodgers last season to honor Roy Campanella.

But why shouldn't interleague games become a regular part of the season, with the results counting in each league's own standings, just as they do in professional football? The public would enjoy it. "I kind of lost interest in baseball when Boston became a one-league city," said one Boston fan last week. "If they schedule some interleague games, a lot of us would go back to the ball parks," said another. "It would be the greatest thing in the world," said an advertising man from the Midwest.

And the fans aren't the only ones. In Boston the head man of the American League is himself an enthusiastic proponent of interleague play. Unlike his counterpart in the National League, Warren Giles, who lumps that "The leagues should remain separate entities," President Joe Cronin of the American League even has a plan ready for interleague play. It involves adding one extra team to each league. Then, as Joe says, "With a ninth team in each league there



Douglas' half a dollar from its venture. It has done a quarter-million-dollar face-lifting job on North London's old Super Cinema and rechristened it Ten Pin Lanes, replacing its seats and moldy plush with gray wall-to-wall carpeting and lampshades fashioned in the shape of balls and pins, equipping what was once the auditorium with 14 gleaming alleyways with an automatic spatter at the end of each one.

As soon as Ten Pin Lanes is a proven money-maker, AMF hopes to turn ownership and management of the British lanes over to local private enterprise, collecting its own profits by lease of machinery and equipment as it does now all over the U.S.

"By the time we get to the end of

back into boxing the genuine spirit of the Amateur Gentleman, fighting for fun."

This sentiment was worthy of the club's immortal patron, who wrote of the favorite sport of England's Regency books that it served "to keep alive the principles of courage and hardihood which have distinguished the British character and to check the progress of that effeminacy which wealth is too apt to produce."

In Egan's day, besides gathering in meadows to watch the heroic battling of such great pros as Daniel Mendoza the Jew, Tom Cribb, Jack

Slack and Martin the Bath Butcher, many a young lordling, including the poet Byron, took to the ring himself to fight as a Corinthian amateur. In line with this tradition, the Pierce Egan Club's first president is the 14th Duke of Hamilton, a famous flying peer who was once Scotland's amateur middleweight champion.

Among the club's younger Corinthians are a Bombay-born Cambridge engineering student named Inder Mirchandani, who fights as a bantamweight; Charles MacKennis Hill, a law student who, as a former marine, earned a reputation as "a toff

who can give 'em all a fight," and an American Rhodes scholar named Kris Kristofferson, who describes a vivid scar over his eyebrow as "50% boxing, 50% football."

In Oxford Town Hall before a capacity crowd that included the Duke of Fife and the Lord Mayor, the Eganites last week took on some of the Royal Navy's best boxers. The Eganites wore peacock-blue shirts secured in Regency fashion with a black bow at the back. Her Majesty's naval railings wore ordinary trunks and won the matches 5-4.

continued

HAVE ALL THE FUN?

would be one team idle every day of the season, so the idle teams could play each other on those days. In this way every National League team would play every American League team at least one series during the

season. It would give fans a chance to see the greats of each league."

Jee's plan may not be the precisely right one. But with or without expansion, the schedule makers should have enough imagination to pair off

one National League team with one American for an interleague game, somewhere, every day. Given the glacial pace of change in baseball this is perhaps too much to hope for by 1961. But maybe by 1963. . . . **END**



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

But over part after a dinner that lasted until the early hours of the morning, P. Ingress Bell, M.P. and sometime Oxford boxing captain, made the Egonist defeat sound almost like a triumph. "We lost," he said, "because we like to, because we believe that this noble art has a lot to contribute to the British character. We are one of the last residues of the Corinthian spirit."

Against Tedious in Tennis

BEFORE the meeting of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association in Scottsdale, Ariz. broke up last week, newly installed President George Barnes took a step to liven up the game. He appointed his Chicago neighbor Ralph Wescott to head a committee whose general mandate reads: "Make tennis a more interesting spectator and participant sport."

Among other things, Wescott's committee will consider certain rules changes that might encourage longer rallies. They will also consider moving some championship play off the hallowed grass courts and onto clay or composition.

As the amateurs prepared to ponder these radical notions, they found themselves suddenly and happily faced with a valuable asset from an old rival, professional promoter Jack Kramer. Jack announced that one-half of the matches in his 1960 pro tour will be played under his own new rules, which will outlaw service aces by requiring a rally of at least three strokes before a point can be scored.

"We believe," said Kramer, "that tennis audiences will enjoy a display of all-round tennis." Against the tedious "power game," Jack has unearthed an ace of his own.

Showdown in Mike's Place

IT'S no ordinary day when Mike Gilardi attracts a standing-room crowd to his bar at Kentucky and Washington streets in Petaluma, Calif. But then the California State Wrist Wrestling Championship is no everyday event, as Gilardi and all Petaluma well know. Accordingly, Mike turned his bar into an arena for

27 of the best wrist wrestlers in the West the other day, and his beer taps never had it so good.

Wrist wrestling, better known nationally as hand wrestling, is an elementary matter between two men facing each other across a table, often in a bar. Each places an elbow on the table and, after clasping the other man's hand, strives mightily to push his opponent's forearm from proud vertical to abject horizontal. From abject horizontal the loser's forearm is usually lifted to signal the bartender.

The sport got a firm grip on Petaluma six years ago when a local cowboy, bored with pitching steers over the corral fence, began inviting all comers to wrist wrestle. Once he lost, the cowboy went back to his steers, and for the past two years the championship has been held by Earl Hagerman, 33. Hagerman earns his living in nearby Santa Rosa interviewing applicants for retail credit, a form of wrestling in itself. His other credentials include a compact build, 5 feet 8 inches, 190 pounds, and massive hands.

The challenger in this year's championship match was Bert Crosby, a 260-pound, 6-foot telephone lineman from Ukiah, Calif. Crosby's hand is half an inch shorter than Hagerman's, but Crosby used it expertly as he strained up through the tournament brackets. Eventually, sitting solemnly before Hagerman, he looked the

perfect man to upset the champion and carry the title home to Ukiah. But Hagerman, fresh and rested (the champion is excused from the preliminaries), chewed a stick of gum and waited almost casually for the "go" signal.

At the signal, the steely grip of the champion closed around the challenger's and began to force Crosby's arm back. But as the 260 spectators in Mike Gilardi's bar opened their mouths to roar for the quick finish, Crosby marshaled all his reserves, puffed his cheeks, popped his eyes and pushed Hagerman's arm straight up. The wrist-wrestling championship of California hung in exquisite suspense. Then Earl Hagerman remembered the shirt he was wearing: a red-and-black sleeveless number his recent bride had given him "to defend my title in." His enormous right arm quivered once, quaked twice, swept through a quick 90° arc. Bert Crosby, after just 3½ seconds of play, was a generer.

Crackdown on Show-offs

IT SMACKED of exaggeration but

it was close to the truth when an Atlantic Coast Conference basketball coach said after a recent game: "We really put on a show. I was off the bench 143 times, and the other coach was up 112."

Commissioner James Weaver of the ACC last week took note of the way coaches have been storming their way onto the floor, shaking their fists at referees and generally making fools of themselves. From here on, ruled Weaver in a pioneer decree, the schools of fat-shaking coaches in the Atlantic Coast Conference will be penalized as follows: first offense \$100; second offense (in the same season) \$500; a third will result in a coach's being banned from conference games. Officials who fail to impose these penalties when called for, added Weaver with a deft touch, will look for work in some other conference.

Said Wake Forest's Coach Benes McKinney, an outstanding jump-up-man: "It's a pity when a man's water bucket is at one end of the bench and he can't get to it."



Sod Story

The duffer, stroking from the rough, had dirt in his sleeve and cuff. When asked if he'd improved his record, he said, "I think I'm getting ground."

—DAN HILLMAN



Photographed in Paris for Arrow

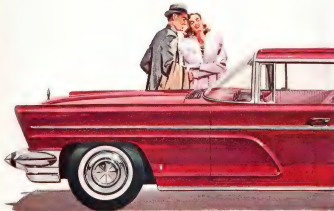
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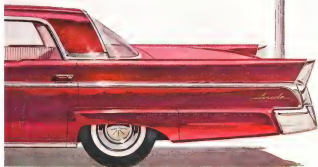
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Sugar's Show Goes On

Ray Robinson lost his middleweight title for the fifth time the other night, but he isn't bowing out just yet

by GILBERT ROGIN

"It's such a blessed man," Ray Robinson is fond of saying. "God's given me Sugar Ray Robinson." Robinson's original name was Walker Smith Jr. "I gave it away when I started at," he says, "a skinny kid in a hole of a basement gym. I wasn't old enough to fight but this Robinson was and I took his name. I meant to give the guy's name back, but..." The Sugar part he earned. "Sweet-looking boy you got there," man told my manager, George Gairford. "Sweet as sugar," George told him. "And, 'downcast, dejected,'" Gairford would cry up to him from the corner of the ring in years gone by.

But not last week in Boston, where, fighting with the desperate, jerky violence of a character in an old silent film, Robinson lost his middleweight title, for the fifth time, to Paul Pender, a fireman from neighboring Brookline, Mass.

The decision was split, but if Robinson thought it unfair he did not complain. When Gairford denounced the judges in the dressing room, Robinson put up his hand. "Hey, George," he said, softly. "Sometime they'll give us the better of it. I fought the fight I wanted to fight but I couldn't do the things I wanted to do. Evidently I didn't hurt him."

"That isn't Ray Robinson is there tonight," a fight manager had said at ringside. Will Robinson be in there

another night? He is entitled to a rematch within 90 days if he wants it, and he said he did. "I been a winner and a loser," Robinson has said. "Other people lose, they go crazy. I always moved ahead." Moving ahead or back-pedaling, losing or winning, Robinson remains one of the most fascinating men in sport, flamboyant, egocentric, an artist.

Robinson is 38 (or 39); he gets injections of B 12, iron and liver and drinks a cup of steer's blood every day, but he refuses to believe he is vanishing, that he is playing with half a deck.

"He's my brother," says his sister Evelyn, "but I don't know which way he's going. He's playing hopscotch. You can't take Robinson for granted. But anything he gets, he deserves."

"He's a very daring boy," says his mother, Mrs. Walker Smith. "Hate for anyone to tell him what to do, not to do. Got that from me. The older he gets the more he wants to prove he isn't. Look the same. If I didn't know he was older, I wouldn't believe it."

"So help me, God," says Robinson, the hot dog, the crowd-pleaser. "I've gotten older but I don't see any difference. I got so much ham, man. They get to kill this ham to stop me. Whenever there's a crowd, you catch me out there. When nobody's there, nothing happens."

"There's a scripture," says Evelyn. "But what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and

lose his own soul?" She is talking about Robinson. "I don't know. Maybe he didn't have a soul or maybe he didn't have time to show it to me. He was my brother but I didn't know him. He's different now. He's got humility."

There is one image of Robinson as a suspicious and arrogant man. It is an image shaped by those who have tried to do business with him and found him an intractable if capricious hargrainer. He is acutely sensitive to the harsh fact that Negroes and booms are exploited, that it requires great wieldings of money to survive. "I was born in poverty," says Robinson. "I know what it is to need. Whatever's due me, I'll stand up and fight for." "We're both Taurus," says Evelyn, "bull-headed, stubborn, but we help people in trouble."

Indeed, Robinson is impulsively generous. "I've seen so many poor people all over the world," he says. "They're destitute. I can't say so. I've got tenants three, four months behind in their rent [Robinson owns a number of apartment houses]. What am I going to do? Women, they have to work, support children. I met an old woman—Mom—in this barbecue place fumbling through pennies to eat those greasy ribs. I brought Mom into my club, introduced her to the crew. At least I know she eats. She must be up in her 70s."

Robinson also feels he has been fingered by God. "People say, who are you?" he says. "But I just know

continued

SUGAR RAY, whose life is a performance, returns the applause in his Harlem outfit.

Photograph by Lee Friedlander

I'm a blessed man. The men upstairs picked something for me to do. They can't beat that man up there, man. He's my man." The Robinson religion has to do with thanksgiving and charity. It is not inconsistent, he feels, with the desire he expressed the other day to cruise through the West Indies on a yacht "with a couple of breads." Rumors are that Robinson is separated from his second wife.

There is an image of Robinson as a man of flash, pose and exuberance whose hair is brushed by his valet and tied up and preserved in a pale, flowered kerchief. It is his flourish, his mark. "He is an entertainer," says his mother. "He loves to get a laugh." But no matter how often he looks in the mirror he finds, beneath his glittering hair, himself: inaccessible, ambiguous, vulnerable.

There is an image of Robinson as the finest prizefighter of his age. It is an image flawed by the hard uses of time, but it was true, it was true.

Until last December, Robinson had not fought since he regained his title from Carmen Basilio on March 26, 1968. Because of his inactivity, the National Boxing Association stripped him of his championship (except in New York and Massachusetts, which do not belong to the NBA), an action which Robinson bitterly described as "depriving me of my livelihood."

The December fight was in Boston, too, against Bob Young whom he knocked out in the second round. After the fight he was asked what it was like in there after 23 months. "Well, man," he said, "it was kind of like moving into a new house. The way the crowd was receiving me meant more than my winning. Crazy! God blesses us, makes people respect the old men. You know, that old Young popped me in the first round, man. Uh-oh. C sharp or B flat."

"What's that mean?" a man asked.

"If you don't see sharp," said Robinson, "you'll be fat."

"I like that," said the man.

"You'll like it better if you get in that ring," said Robinson. "This Young, you know, he told me I've been an idol of his. Swingin'! He always wanted to fight on my style. He wanted advice. I told him, don't ever go in anybody's ring unless you're ready. [Robinson is notorious for postponing or canceling his fights.] I told him you got to learn to lose. I

told him the most important thing is condition."

"This is the important thing," Robinson reiterated several weeks later, at 6:20 in the morning. He stood in the dark on the cinder track which girdles New York's Central Park reservoir. It had snowed during the night and the weather was what the Army calls realistic: cold and windy. "This is the part they don't know," said Robinson, "getting out in all this weather."

"I run with my shank," he said, holding up a long knife. "Got to have something for protection."

"He was running all the time," his mother says. "A little, thin, skinny boy running around through the streets doing Lord knows what. 'You going to school?' I'd ask him. 'Mama, he'd say, 'I'll go to school at night.' He didn't go to school. He was fighting all the time."

COLD, CLEAN LIVING

"This is the kind of weather changes a fighter's mind," said Honey Brewer, who is Robinson's brother-in-law. "So much clean living you have to go through." Honey sat in the heated interior of Robinson's Continental Mark V which was parked on Central Park West. It is the latest in a succession of cars all painted the same shade—an iridescent fusion of the color of raspberries, of belily lily, of flamingos, of violets, of orchids. Honey doesn't know the name of the color. He says it's a "foad color," the color of a peckle Robinson once admired around a man's neck.

"I ran around twice," said Robinson when he returned. "You got to do this if you expect them to hold your hand in the air." (In 20 years of professional fighting and 152 bouts they have held Robinson's hand up 143 times.) It was light when he drove home to sleep. He had run into the day.

"I start my day at this little church," Robinson said at noon as he parked in front of a church a few blocks from his Harlem café. "It's Catholic but I'm not a Catholic. Churches, synagogues, I go to them all. Who can say which is right? I believe in them all."

Robinson waved to a traffic cop and told him he wouldn't be long. (Robinson parks where it pleases him. He usually double-parks in front of his café. Earlier the same day a man had come into the place. "Hey, Rob-



ROBINSON, DESPERATELY TRYING TO

inson," he said. "The cop says to tell you there's a parking place." "Give him my keys," said Robinson, "and tell him to park it.")

The church was empty. Robinson knelt at the altar rail for a long time. When he left, he folded a bill and stuffed it in the poor box. "Many's a time," he said, "I put my last \$100 in that box. Money is lust. It all passes away. Health, that's man's greatest prize. I have health and strength. I'm so blessed. Some people think to pray means to beg. I think differently. I pray to give thanks."

His next stop was at Professor Hall's, where he has studied classical voice for a year and a half. (Robinson, when he retired from the ring for two years in 1952, had a brief, highly paid and inconclusive career as a song-and-dance man. The feeling was that, for a fighter, he was a first-rate boomer.) Professor Jurnhal Hall is a short, elderly man, with long, white



KNOCK PENDER OUT, UNCOILS A RIGHT UPPERCUT WHICH ONLY GRAZES THE MARK.

hair parted in the middle, and a serene manner. His studio is a small room in an old building in Harlem. Under his piano is a bongo drum. An electric heater glows orange in the corner.

"Don't jazz Handel," Professor Hall told Robinson when he came in. "You take him straight."

"Handel," said Robinson. "This is a very serious business," said Professor Hall. "You have to think and coordinate. Most of us in this hemisphere can't speak. We don't finish sentences. We go um-um. I have a terrible handicap with you. So many things on your mind."

"La-ah-ah-ah," sang Robinson. "You opened the sound, not the dynamic pyramid," said Professor Hall.

"La, le, li, lo, lu," sang Robinson. "More tongue," said Professor Hall. "Your tongue is sluggish."

"Ma, me, mi, mo, mu," sang Robinson.

"This is all dental," said Professor Hall. "Use your anatomical balance."

"I accept a challenge," said Robinson, wiping his face with a towel, "but this man is a slave driver. He won't let you settle for this much."

"I'm selfish about my work," said Professor Hall.

"I've been trying to catch him wrong for so long," Robinson said. "I'm going to knock your head just once," he said and drew back his fist. Professor Hall smiled benignly. "Professor Hall can hear a rat spit on cotton, but he and I share the same feeling spiritual-wise."

SCALES AND JUMP ROPES

"I work harder at this than boxing," he said after an aria. "You have no idea how difficult it is. Those diastolic scales! This is my next career. I want to sing at the Met."

"He's a dramatic baritone," said Professor Hall. "Full range. Good G.

Very wonderful turn on A flat. He has coordination. With that, it's easy."

"Nothing is easy," said Robinson. "I want to sing at Carnegie Hall."

Robinson sang Handel's *Gebrauchts*, and *Il Lacerato Spirito* from Verdi's *Silva Baccanale*. "That Italian," he said. "Nothing more beautiful." He knew the pieces by heart and wandered away from the piano, his eyes half-closed, to where the window looked out on the white winter street. His head was back on his broad neck the way a globe of the world sits on its standard.

It is the way he looks when he is fooling with the jump rope in Harry Wiley's Broadway Gym, where a sign on the wall says, "The gentleman boxer has the most friends," to which somebody has added in pencil "and the most losses." Not jumping the rope, but holding the handles carelessly with one hand, whirling it, slapping it against the floor, dancing abandoned, clowning, swaggering steps as Wiley, his trainer, whistles *Coco* to the *Mardi Gras*, and maybe another whistler joins in tentatively, and Otis Woodward, his sparring partner, hits the bongo. And so they whistle together, and Robinson, strutting, sagging there, becomes a tenant of some distant stage, some old, gaudy night. The whistles go surely from one song to another, and Robinson, grinning, winking the while, plays his grancing part in the splendid belief that he can go on almost forever but watching the dedicated faces about him to see if they believe it, too. The bell on the electric round-timer rings, and three go quickly to him. Two bend down on either side and massage his legs, and one holds up a towel. Robinson gives him his face and when the man takes the towel away he is grinning marvelously still.

When Robinson went to his cab from the gym, a little, ragged kid stood in the entrance, holding out his hand. "Give me a dime, Sugar Ray," he said.

Robinson looked down at the wise face as if he saw Walker Smith Jr., who danced for pennies on the sidewalks of Detroit. "What did I tell you about begging?" he said and entered his place grandly, as if it were Versailles. A square clock on the wall, painted the same elusive color as his car, with gloved arms for hands, miniature ring posts and ropes, told him it was late.

END

Those Pretty Girls with the Killer Instinct

**Defying traditional European domination of the Olympic
ski events, America's Snite, Pitou, Meyers and Co.
have become the ones to beat at Squaw Valley**

by ROY TERRELL

THE six members of the U.S. women's Olympic Alpine ski team are young and attractive and appealing—and they would slit your throat to beat you through a slalom gate by two feet.

Since their goal is an Olympic championship add their opposition a seemingly endless file of girls born on the slopes of the Alps and raised on skis, this ruthlessness is an admirable thing in Betty Snite, Penny Pitou, Linda Meyers, Joan Hannah, Renie Cox and Beverly Anderson. Defying history and the odds, they have become the girls to beat in this most glamorous of European-born sporting events at the VIII Olympic Winter Games beginning at Squaw Valley February 18. It is almost as if a team of Lancelots showed up at the Coliseum one day to challenge the Dodgers—and then discovered themselves favored to win the game.

Olympic ski championships have gone to American girls before, of course. Gretchen Fraser won the special slalom at St. Moritz in 1948, and Andrea Mead Lawrence won two gold medals four years later at Oslo. But today there are half a dozen American girls primed to cover their parkas



INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE between Penny Pitou and crack Austrian skier Egon Zimmermann, shown above in recent reunion at Kitzbühel, may wind up in a wedding after Squaw Valley. At right Penny and Teammate Max Marchi share triumphant embrace after winning U.S. Olympic team trials at Aspen.



with gold and silver and bronze medals, particularly the parkas belonging to Brite, Meyers and Pitou. A year ago Brite and Pitou were consistent winners against women from the great Alpine countries in Alpine events over Alpine courses. Now Meyers has become a winner, too. At the Olympics the U.S. team will be back home competing on its own familiar slopes, while the Europeans must travel 6,000 miles.

Two weeks ago, at the famed Hahnenkamm meet in Kitzbühel, Austria, in the only major competition bringing together most of the Olympic contenders before Squaw Valley, Penny Pitou stole the show. (She also stole the handsomest member of the Austrian men's team, a topflight racer named Eggen Zimmermann, right out from under the Austrian girls' noses, and this has more to do with Penny's success on skis than our might think.) With Betsy Brite on the sidelines, waiting for a minor knee injury to heal (she came back a week later to win the slalom at St. Moritz), the beaucy blonde from New Hampshire placed fourth in the giant slalom, second in the downhill and tied Linda Meyers for first in the slalom, despite a fall which cost her two seconds on her first run.

If the '60 Hahnenkamm was a triumph for Penny, it was a major breakthrough for Linda Meyers. Her tie for first there, and a first place last week in the Lenzerheide giant slalom, proved that she could beat the Europeans, too. "You've learned what it's like to win," Coach Dave Lawrence told the freckle-faced tomboy from California. "Now keep doing it."

Behind the big three are Joan Hannah, Ronie Cox and Blev Anderson, who lack only experience—European experience—and the confidence which it brings. Hannah, a 20-year-old with a ski-jump nose, came flashing out of nowhere last winter to win or place in several big U.S. events, and the three-week Olympic team trip to Europe may be all that she needed to hit the top. Cox, once an outstanding junior racer, is steady and sure, and bad conditions do not bother her. No one knows exactly what to make of Anderson. A friendly blonde chatterbox who makes honor grades at the University of Washington, she

defies most of the rules of racing technique—and some of the laws of gravity. "She has no bloody business being that good," says Andrea Mead Lawrence, who is both chaperone of the girls' team and wife of its coach. "But she is." Or at least she was last year, when she had a terrific record in the United States. This winter Beverly was visibly awed by her first venture into the international ranks, but the European races could be just the right seasoning for her, too.

The factors which have propelled American women into this promi-

nence in the strange world of Alpine skiing are only accidentally related. First, and in some ways most important, these girls are the pioneer products of the great U.S. ski boom which is now going full blast and can be expected to furnish first-class international races at a steadily increasing pace. But why are most of them girls? Well, in the first place, it is much easier for a girl of 12 to decide that she is going to become a ski champion some day than it is for a boy of the same age. Where 30 other

RECOVERING from knee injury which temporarily put her on the sidelines, Betsy Brite strolls through streets of Kitzbühel with teammate Linda Meyers.



girls in the entire world may have the same ambition at the same time, there will be 300 boys—or maybe 3,000. And, finally, it is because American women are... well, American women, incapable of viewing with more than a cool sort of indifference the reputations of their opponents. U.S. male skiers, confronted with the incredible skill and vast experience of Europeans raised on skis, find themselves staggering under a psychological burden. U.S. women seem to look upon their European rivals not so much as superior skiers but simply as other women—and they go out to beat them.

Snite, Meyers and Pitou were all raised in snow country—Betsey in Norwich, Vt., right across the Connecticut River from Hanover and ski-conscious Dartmouth College; Penny in Leeonia and Gifford, N.H.; Linda in Bishop, Calif., a few good skis down the Sierra Nevada from Squaw Valley. Snite, whose father is an ardent and often very vocal ski fan, was able to walk at the age of 7 months and was placed on skis at the age of 1½. "Sometimes I used them as skis," she says, "more often as toboggans or just shovels to dig in the snow. They were playthings. But they weren't barrel staves; they were real skis." Like Pitou, she was skiing hard at the age of 5, and at 11 she was winning races, usually against boys. Linda Meyers didn't start skiing until she was 14, when her family moved to Bishop from Los Angeles, but she had the benefit of the long Sierra snow season and developed very quickly.

Pitou and Snite each made the 1956 U.S. Olympic team at 17, although neither was really ready for that kind of competition. Penny, with remarkable consistency, finished 31st, 34th and 34th in the three races at Cortina. Snite skied badly in the giant slalom, then tore ligaments in her knee while practicing for the downhill and missed the other events. In 1958 Meyers joined Snite and Pitou on the U.S. team for the world championships at Bad Gastein. They skied in Europe the rest of that winter and the two eastern girls, Pitou and Snite, stayed right through until March of the following year, working for ski-equipment manufacturers in whatever jobs they could find, racing every weekend and col-

lecting European boy friends who could show them how to ski.

"Maybe that sounds funny, but it's important," says Betsey, who is tall (5 feet 6½ inches) and can be described as willowy when she has been training hard. "I really learned to ski in Europe. The Austrian boy friends? Well, it's not so much that they teach you how to ski properly, they show you. You're standing there on top of the mountain with them, looking down this absolutely dizzy run, and suddenly they say, 'Let's go,' and they're gone. You learn to ski fast or spend a lonesome winter."

HOW TO CATCH UP QUICK

"They're 10 years ahead of us," says Penny, "and if you want to beat them you have to go over there to learn how. I had to make sacrifices to stay in Europe—dropped out of Middlebury after my freshman year, worked in summer theater and as a

waitress to earn money, rode in the junks of trains all over Italy and Austria. But it was worth it."

"That extra year Penny and Betsey spent in Europe undoubtedly put them out ahead," says Linda, speaking of racing rather than boy friends. "I know I wouldn't take anything for the six months I had over there in '58. You learn to race, but you also learn that you can be as good as anyone else. I think European competition is more important from a psychological standpoint than anything else."

Linda is slender and quiet and unassuming; her green eyes regard you warmly from a pleasant, lightly freckled face. She skis because she loves it, and skis every day, snow permitting, from early October to the middle of July. When she can't ski she likes hiking or hunting or fishing. She gives great credit for her success to Dave McCoy, who runs

YOUNG AND IMPROVING FAST, JOAN HANNAH IS DARK HORSE AT WINTER GAMES



the Mammoth Mountain, Calif. resort where she skis, and she is an altogether levelheaded, wholesome girl. But at the top of a hill Linda Meyers turns into a killer.

"A killer," she says. "That's exactly what I feel I am. Determination is nine-tenths of skiing. Skill is necessary, but you have to have determination to acquire skill. It takes a tremendous amount of hard work to get to the top as a racer. And when you get there only one thing is important. To win."

Penny Pitou is a cross between your little sister, your girl friend and a rubber ball. She has blue eyes and a big dimple in her right cheek and is thoroughly feminine. She is also as tough as a coal miner and sometimes talks like one. Her only major athletic injury (the twisted knee and ankle suffered at St. Moritz last week appear to be quite minor) was torn ligaments in a knee and these came not from skiing but from playing football in junior high school; sometimes Penny still wishes that she were a boy and as big as her brother Kippy (6 feet 4 inches, 280 pounds) so she could play tackle for the Chicago Bears. Kippy doesn't, but Penny probably would. She is a brilliant student who wants to go back to school, major in languages and then go to Europe to work as an interpreter. On the other hand, she also wants to marry Egon Zimmermann, who would like to marry Penny, too, if they can just decide whether to live in Europe (Penny's choice) or America (Egon's). For relaxation Penny builds model boats. "Really," she says. "Good ones."

YOU NEED TO WANT TO WIN

When the time comes to ski, however, boats, boys, books all disappear. Perhaps even more than Linda, Penny has an implacable determination to win. "You have to have that," she says. "You have to feel like a race horse, ready to jump out of the gate and show people just how good you are."

"She's a tiger," says Bill Beck, coach of the U.S. men's team, "particularly in the downhill. Most girls are scared of going fast, but not Penny. She likes to go downhill."

"I was always good at downhill," says Penny, "because that's all I knew how to do. Go fast. I couldn't turn. But Egon taught me to turn, to ski slalom, and I'm not so sure

now that I don't like slalom best. Maybe it's my best event. But I still like to go fast."

To get ready for her big year Penny began to chip away at her chubby 159 pounds late last spring. Training with Dick Taylor, a neighbor who is on the U.S. Nordic training squad, Penny lifted weights, tried interval running, sprinted uphill, took long hikes, rode horseback, played tennis, turned flips on a trampoline. By the time the Alpine squad assembled at Aspen, Colo. for early training in November, Penny was down to 135 pounds. "I'm 36-35-38," she said, "and if you don't think I'm in condition, just feel that." At which point Penny banged a fist against a remarkably solid thigh, which, despite its evident hardness, managed, somehow, not to look too much like Buddy Werner's.

"She's a tiger," says Bill Beck. "She's also quite a girl."

If Penny is hard, and proud of it, and Linda is hard enough, Betsy Smithe is not hard at all—nor does she really care. "Do you know when I decided I was going to be an Olympic champion?" she asks. "It was out West at the 1959 world championships when I first saw Dagmar Rom and her lovely blonde hair."

A year younger than Meyers, the same age as Pitou, Betsy is more sophisticated than either, more conscious of her status as one of the world's great women skiers, more concerned with acting like a female. A combination model-secretary-saleswoman for a San Francisco fashion firm when she isn't racing, Betsy loves clothes. She has a large wardrobe of fashionable dresses and suits and shoes and a big collection of sportswear, including a drawer full of handsome ski sweaters and at least a dozen pair of those devilishly designed stretch ski pants, a sort of ankle-length bikini which would make Marie Dressler look like Brigitte Bardot—or, anyway, Bardot's young maiden aunt. While Linda was tramping over the California mountains last summer getting into condition, and Penny was bonding around the New Hampshire hills, Betsy was living it up in San Francisco, dating, dancing, learning to sail and drive a sports car.

"When it's time to race," she says, "I'll be ready. In the meantime I'm going to have fun. I know I've been criticized for not training as hard as

I might. I like to smoke. Sometimes I'll stay up dancing all night. When I want to swim I go for a swim. I think it's good for you to relax and do something like that once in a while."

"You know what I like best about Europe? The after-ski tea dances. I was put on this earth to be a female. I'd love to get married, settle down and have a family."

The reason no one worries too much about Betsy's training routine is that once she goes to work she works at least as hard as anyone else. "You should have seen her just before she fell at Aspen," says Dave Lawrence. "She was beating Penny and Linda and everyone else. She'll be ready at Squaw Valley."

Of all the U.S. girls, Betsy skis more like a European—and also more like a boy. She has remarkable reactions for her size, tremendous concentration once she starts down a course and near-flawless style.

SNAPSHOT ON SNOW

"Sometimes Betsy's attitude is horrible," says Andy Lawrence, "and I guess you really couldn't call her dependable. But she has terrific technique; in fact, she's the best-looking woman skier I've ever seen. She is smooth and polished and, when she wants to be, she's the best slalom skier in the world."

Only the best will win against such competition as the U.S. girls must face: Tchéla Leduc of France; Pia Riva, Carla Marchelli and Jerta Schir of Italy; Annemarie Waser and Madeleine Chamot-Berthod of Switzerland; Austria's Erika Netzer and Hilde Hofner; Heidi Biebl and Sonja Sperl of West Germany; Astrid Sandvik and Inger Bjornbakken of Norway; and Canada's Anne Heggtveit; not to mention the youngsters who might come popping up any day, as Traudi Hecher, an unknown Austrian 16-year-old, did to beat Penny in the Hahnenkamm downhill.

"It's all a matter of split seconds," says Betsy Smithe. "You fall and you're out. You hit a patch of ice and slip; you take a gate too low; you ride an edge too long; you sleep too much the night before or you don't sleep enough; you have a fight with your boy friend. Anybody can win."

"The only thing you can say," says Andy Lawrence, "is that we've never had this many good ones before. We'll find out how good they really are at Squaw Valley."



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

QUESTION: I sometimes face a slope as steep that I can get down only by using tedious traverses and kick turns. Is there a better way?



Skier's half turn: starts slowly in flat traverse, then goes into steep short downhill and back into flat traverse again. Turn above starts from traverse to skier's left and ends in traverse to skier's left. Normal full-stem turn would end in traverse to skier's right.



Start turn in traverse position, full weight on lower leg.

Stem left ski toward the fall line. Do not countersteering.

Hold stem position. Do not shift much of your weight.

Answer: Yes. One or more skier's half turns will take you down any steep slope. This is an interrupted stem in which you start turning into the fall line from a traverse, then swing back out of the fall line with a heel thrust that brings you back to a second traverse in the same direction as the first. You neither countersteering with the upper body nor shift your full weight to the stemmed ski, nor cross the fall line as you would in a normal stem turn. This makes it a smooth, simple turn to execute, with the further advantage that you can make your run in the fall line a shorter or a longer one, depending on how much speed you feel you can manage. Even a short run in the fall line will give you enough speed to make a powerful hard-braking turn into the hill that will absorb the momentum of your run up to that point. The skier's half turn is also useful as a school exercise that teaches you to put power and swing into your heel thrust. Lastly, since the turn keeps body movement to a minimum, it is often used by expert skiers carrying a pack or extra skis.



Finish your heel thrust to bring skis back to traverse.



IN LODGE with windows overlooking try Lake Tahoe, W. W. Mein Jr. carves a 15-pound roast of beef for a

FOOD / *Mary Fred Mahon*

Olympic buffet

A lot of fine eating awaits foreign visitors arriving in the California ski country for the Winter Games

WHEN the committee delegates and teams from 34 nations gather in Squaw Valley for the Olympic Winter Games later this month, residents of the Sierra ski country are prepared to greet foreign dignitaries with a full show of California hospitality. Many of the visitors will have the good fortune to be wined and dined at the Lake Tahoe lodge of Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein Jr., who are shown above readying a



luncheon party, while his wife Sally completes preparation of the table with Mrs. G. Howland Meyer (far left).

Photograph by Louise Gold-Wolfe

-sumptuous buffet for a winter party, together with their San Francisco friend, Mrs. G. Howland Meyer. Both of the women have hospitality functions in connection with the Games—Sally Meis on the Lake Tahoe committee which has coordinated the planning of parties by local people, and Georgiana Meyer as one of three members of the official Division of Protocol and Entertainment.

The lodge overlooking Lake Tahoe has seen

many festive gatherings, for the sports-minded Meis are noted among their friends as skillful and popular hosts. They live in Woodside, Calif., just south of Burlingame on the Peninsula, where "Tooney" Meis, a mining engineer and business executive, serves in season as Joint Master of the Los Altos Hunt. He and Sally and their four children journey as often as possible to the mountain

continued



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AT MEINE' PARTY. President Pevsle C. Hale of Olympic Organizing Committee sits to chat with Georgiana Meyer about hospitality arrangements at Squaw Valley.

FOOD *Continued*

country—in winter for skiing on the Sierra slopes and in summer, with a slight change of equipment, to spend hours water-skiing on the lake.

The buffet shown on the preceding pages is characteristic of the fare offered to guests at the Meine' lake-side lodge. It includes a 15-pound roast of beef, served with fresh horseradish sauce, side dishes of creamed potatoes and greened spaghetti, a California green salad, a platter of cold artichokes served with a mustardy mayonnaise, three varieties of Monterey Jack cheese, San Francisco sour-dough bread and a dessert of apricot mousse. Onion soup preceded the meal, and before that a hot, hot punch was offered as a winter alternative to cocktails.

Here are the highlights:

LAKE TAHOE SANDRINGHAM PUNCH

"This is called Sandringham because we drank it out of the coronation mugs we bought in England," explained Tommy Mein. And since he is of Scottish descent, he added, "I generally wear my Mennies tartan jacket (see color picture) when I make it." These are his directions: Dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ pound brown sugar in one pint of newly made hot tea. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of port and the thinly sliced yellow rind of a lemon. Now pour in one bottle of bourbon whiskey and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of brandy. Stir well, heat gently and serve hot in hot mugs. This

makes two fifths of punch, enough for about 10 people.

THE 15-POUND ROAST

This consists of *lev-top sirloin roasts*, boned and laid end to end to make a large roll of even size that is trimmed and tied by the butcher (same principle as for fillet of beef—SI, Sept. 28). The meat is cooked rare—approximately 3 hours in a preheated 350° oven. "It has top flavor, very little gristle, no bones or waste and is the best buy for our large family and many guests," says Tommy Mein. "To avoid loss of meat juices, I stick the fork into the roast only once, far back. It carves very easily from this position, and I cut nice thin slices."

THE GREENED SPAGHETTI

This is a packaged thin spaghetti cooked in boiling salted water, drained almost completely, then tossed, in the same pan, with lots of butter in bits, lots of grated Parmesan cheese, chopped parsley and a peeled clove of garlic. Shake hard for 3 minutes, holding the lid on the pan. Take out the garlic before dishing up. If you've done it right, the spaghetti is in a sort of creamy sauce.

CALIFORNIA GREEN SALAD

Leaves of red lettuce, a butterhead lettuce (such as Boston) and romaine are combined with chopped watercress, minced parsley and green onions in a tart French dressing made with white wine vinegar. **END**



"LOOK WHO'S A LOVER"

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A lively

A world record, a near world record and a youthful miler brightened the first indoor meet in southern California

THE NEW Los Angeles Sports Arena, site last week of southern California's first indoor track meet, aquata, blue and modern, just outside the immense cement oval of the Los Angeles Coliseum. Inside it is bright and clean and looks something like a vast operating theater, and it is a wonderful place to watch a sports event. It seats its audience in upholstered comfort and is probably the only place in the world where the crowd is never in any doubt as to its own size. Mounted in the arena are electric crowd counters, recording each click of the turnstiles. They stopped at 12,743 at this meet, within 500 of capacity.

The arena is a far cry from the grimy environs of Madison Square Garden, but the special excitement of indoor track was there. The crowd, a quieter but more knowledgeable group than the rowdy inhabitants of New York's Garden, showed an enthusiasm which augurs well for the future of indoor track in outdoor-minded Los Angeles.

The meet itself was conducted with commendable briskness and with about half as many officials as clutter up the infield at indoor meets in the East. Meet Director Herschel Smith, inexperienced in indoor track, hadn't scheduled enough relay races; thus there were long stretches when the wooden oval went unused. Because of this the meet lacked some of the three-ring excitement of a track night at the Garden, but the crowd did not seem to mind.

There were some characteristic California touches. A Hollywood starlet was named Queen of the First Los

INTENT FARE, glasses reflecting photo flash, watch Don Bragg's waving vest.



evening of track in Los Angeles

Angeleno Invitational Indoor Track Meet. The officials wore sports jackets and slacks, or ordinary business suits, instead of the black tie uniform of indoor officials in the East. Ordinary events received special promotional names—most of them belonging to advertisers in the official program—like the Union Federal Savings High Jump, the Tom Harmon Olympic Games Tour Two-Mile Heave and the Bushnell Binoculars 400 Yard Run.

There was a flurry of excitement when the shotput began because no one had thought to procure an indoor shot, which is covered with leather to keep it from hammering the floor to pieces. Parry O'Brien, grumpily battling the flu, saved the day—or night—by lending his own indoor shot for the event. O'Brien, who by virtue of a strenuous weight-lifting program has raised his weight from last year's 235 to a muscle-bulging 256, then threw his personal shot 63 feet 1 inch to set a new world indoor record, only an inch shy of his outdoor world record.

O'Brien made the record on his

fifth throw, at which time he was trailing Dave Davis, who finished second at 61 feet 6¼ inches. Parry, with his customary self-confidence, said he was not worried by Davis' fine put. "I like it that way," he said casually. "It shows me what I have to do." The 15 pounds of muscle O'Brien has added seems to make him even stronger. At 27 he seems a good bet to win his third Olympic title and to reach 65 feet in the shot, which is his personal goal.

A BOW TO THE EAST

This courteous California crowd saved its loudest applause for the efforts of Easterer Don Bragg, who just missed making a 16-foot pole vault. (The world indoor record, made a year ago by Bragg, is 15 feet 9¾ inches.) Last September, at the tag end of a long track season, sitting on the grass of the infield at the Pan American Games in Chicago, Don had said, "I'm just going to stride through the indoor season. You can't stay at a peak too long, and I want to be ready for the Olympic trials in July." But at Los Angeles last Friday he did 15

feet 5¼ inches easily, clearing the crossbar by a good six inches. "I didn't see any point in raising the bar to just 15-16," he said later. "I told them to put it at 16. Why break the record by an inch or so? I felt real good. Real good."

On his first attempt at 16 feet, Bragg lifted his body cleanly over the crossbar and began to drop as the crowd loosed an explosive roar. He brushed the bar gently with his chest and knocked it down. On both his second and last attempts he was over the bar again but again hit it on his descent.

Almost certainly Bragg will make 16 feet before this track season ends. He has been working out for only three weeks, but he has retained the marvelous technique which made him the most consistent vaulter in the world last year. "I went up to 227 pounds after the Pan American Games," he said. "And I meant what I said about taking it easy during the indoor season. I'm not working hard. It just seems to come easy this year. I don't know why."

continued

OREGON'S DYROL BURLINSON, RUNNING HIS FIRST INDOOR MILE, SLIDES PAST THE FINISH LINE 12 YARDS AHEAD OF NEAREST RIVAL



Both Bragg and O'Brien, of course, will be favored to win their events at the Olympics. They may be joined in the winner's circle at Rome by a slender young man named Deyrol Burleson, who looks as if he'll become the finest miler in U.S. track history. Burleson is a 19-year-old sophomore at the University of Oregon. At Los Angeles, running for the first time in his life on boards, he won the mile in 4:06. He did it easily, moving with a light, economical stride which seems effortless. Dan Waern, the great Swedish miler who has been under four minutes six times, faded sadly in this race. He had a bad cold and was not in peak condition, and he finished a poor fourth behind the veteran Phil Coleman and George Larson, a little-known Oregon teammate of Burleson's who ran a strong 4:57.8. Larson, overshadowed at Oregon by Burleson and by Jim Grelle, is the latest in a long list of fine distance runners developed by Bill Bowerman, the Oregon coach. Bowerman, an intense man, works his athletes hard in sprints and rests them hard in between.

HUNGRY AND ANXIOUS

"You have to keep them anxious," Bowerman said. "I mean anxious to run. Take Burleson. He loves hard work and he would work constantly if I let him. But I like to keep him hungry. Hungry for running and hungry for competition. When the conditions are right I let him work as hard as he likes. But I make sure he clocks off, too."

Bowerman, who is America's top distance-running coach, modestly attributed the success of Grelle (who won the 1,600-yard race in 2:09.5 earlier in the evening), Burleson, Bill Dellinger, Larson, Jim Bailey and the rest of his signally successful distance men to the Oregon climate.

"It very seldom gets too hot or too cold there," he said. "This last week, for instance, it was around 50. That's not too cold to work out. The kids pull a stocking cap over their ears, put on their long-handle drawers, wear mittens and run. In the summer, if it does go over 80, we work in the evening after it cools off. I won't run a boy in hot weather. The heat is conserving and the boy gets dehydrated

and exhausted, and that probably has some kind of psychological effect on him in a race on a hot day."

For Burleson's very good mile the weather in the Sports Arena was about the same as it was outside in Los Angeles—cool and halmy. Deyrol, running well off the pace until the last two laps, came up fast and finished very strongly—which prompted the veteran Phil Coleman, who was second, to say: "If Burleson and Herb Elliott were coming into the last straightaway of the mile together, I think Burleson would win."

Incidentally, Burleson and Grelle, who finished 1-2 in the mile in both



HARRY O'BRIEN bettered his own 500-yard world record when he ran the shot 55 feet 1 inch.

the AAU and U.S.-Russia meets last summer, have agreed not to compete against each other during the indoor track season. Grelle, who has graduated from Oregon, will run in the Millrose mile in Madison Square Garden, but he may switch to another event for the Olympic trials. He thinks that Burleson is capable of a 3:56 mile outdoors right now.

Aside from the obvious fact that most of the competitors were in exceptionally good condition for so early in the season, two factors contributed to the excellence of the performances in this meet. One was the track, which is the one used in the Milwaukee Journal Games and which was borrowed and shipped west in three trucks for the occasion. "It's the best board track in America," Max Traux

said after his two-mile race. Traux, who has been bothered by loose ligaments and a dislocated bone in his foot, had trained for only two weeks and lost to a whistling finish by Jim Beatty, a North Carolina graduate who ran the fastest race of his life (8:57), four full seconds under his previous best outdoor time. Beatty attributes his improvement to a training program given him by Mihály Igloi, the Hungarian coach who defected from his country's Olympic team in 1956 and now handles the Santa Clara Youth Village team.

The second advantageous factor was the clean air. By the end of a track meet in Madison Square Garden the spectators sitting high up under the roof in the second balcony have difficulty seeing the athletes through the drifting clouds of smoke. In Los Angeles, reminded two or three times not to smoke by the public-address announcer, the track-was crowd obeyed and the air was clean all evening. The smoke-laden atmosphere of eastern indoor meets has long been a pet peeve of visiting athletes, especially Europeans.

"The conditions here were just about ideal," Bragg pointed out after his Herculean attempt at 16 feet. "All they needed to make it perfect was foam-rubber shavings in the pit, instead of sawdust."

All in all, the first Los Angeles indoor meet was a resounding success, financially and artistically. It will be followed on Saturday night, February 13, by another, this one sponsored by the Los Angeles Times. Glenn Davis, Army football's onetime Mr. Outside, who is handling the arrangements for the Times meet, has scheduled more relay races, and he also plans to cover the infield at the arena with green sawdust to give the place a lawnlike appearance. Oh, California.

Davis also tried earnestly to sell Don Bragg on the idea of flying from the Philadelphia Inquirer Game (which will be held the Friday night before the Times meet) to compete the next day in L.A., but he was unsuccessful.

"I'm just striding through the indoor season," Bragg repeated. "I can't burn myself out before the Olympics. That's my goal. That's everybody's goal."

END



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SPORT IN ART

Cardplayers

IN THE serene and monumental paintings of Paul Cézanne, painstaking genius of France's 19th century renaissance, modern art was born in arduous travail. A man obsessed by ideas he could see but could convey to canvas only through unceasing labor, Cézanne gave to art something of almost every important development it has known in the last 50 years. Yet he himself was rarely satisfied with what he did. His work was made even more difficult by his mistrust of people; he had a dreadful time with models, of whom he demanded a steedlike immobility and endless sittings. But in the cafés of his native city, Aix-en-Provence, he found some whom he could paint in relative peace: the cardplayers who sat for hours immersed in their game. He did four paintings and innumerable sketches of them, which are considered among the greatest of his work, with the dignity, the repose and yet the intensity of life which he always sought—a quality which gave to people the stillness of nature, and to nature the passions of the human soul.



Man with a Hat. Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris.

The best-policed sport of all

Thanks to the TRPB, racing's crooks are finding their work less rewarding all the time

ONE afternoon last summer at Chicago's Arlington Park race course Charles Marvin Wowsorsky—who was later described by his associates as a ruddy-faced, jovial Santa Claus type minus beard—was suddenly visited by an irresistible desire not totally unknown among people who work with large bundles of cash.

Wowsorsky, 45, had gone to work in a bank at 15. Eighteen years later he switched to racing, and for 12 years he had worked diligently—and with a spotless record—in the mutual departments of various Florida and Chicago tracks. Because he was so conscientious in his work he found himself last summer at Arlington with the impressive title of Third Floor Grandstand Branch Money Room Supervisor. In this capacity he accepted delivery of money from the track's Central Money Room and distributed it among the cashiers in his charge. It is calculable that cheerful Charlie Wowsorsky (whose salary was \$31.25 per day) handled about \$6 million each week.

Early in the afternoon of September 1, Wowsorsky received \$132,000 from the Central Money Room. He was supposed to subdivide this into smaller sums from which the cashiers would subsequently pay off those bettors holding winning daily-double tickets. But a few moments before 2:20 p.m. Charlie Wowsorsky stepped with lively self-assurance through the only unguarded door of his section and out into what, for the moment at least, was a new world. In his pockets was \$39,948.70 of Arlington Park's money, all that he could carry of the original sum he received.

Wowsorsky's surrender to his irresistible desire and his subsequent actions, while appalling, were all the more surprising because of his long

association with racing, which should have made him acutely aware of the cold fact that this is the most strictly policed of all sports. And, like all other people associated in any form with racing at the 49 member tracks of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations—people ranging from George D. Widener, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and Willie Shoemaker on down to the youngest funny-checked exercise boy—Wowsorsky should have known that a detailed FBI-like dossier on himself was on file with the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau.



SPENCER DRAYTON, 45, veteran of the FBI, directs a unique squad of sleuths.

The TRPB, the unique investigative arm of the entire Thoroughbred industry, makes it its business to know all about everyone in racing as well as all those who would like to get in. It has more than 208,600 names on file, along with 123,323 sets of fingerprints, details on 16,293 cases investigated and photos of lip tattoos on 85,174 horses who are racing or who have raced on U.S. tracks. Individual cards are loaded with information on a man's friends and acquaintances, police record, if any, betting habits, bank statements. No one receives a license or is employed at any of the 49 tracks until the TRPB gives him a clearance. Thus, former associates

need not apply as stable-area night watchmen; nor should the professional forger hope to find a position handling pari-mutuel tickets.

The absence of Wowsorsky and the money did not go long undetected. In less than an hour and a half police officers in 14 states knew more about the missing man than did his co-workers. And when, several days later, the FBI picked up Charlie and his wife, Rozena, in a motel in Phoenix, Ariz., their arrest appeared to be just one more example of FBI efficiency. The missing money was almost all recovered: \$34,904 in Mrs. Wowsorsky's purse, \$39,440 hidden with a friend in Tucson and a \$3,600 car in possession. Charlie Wowsorsky was sentenced to two years in prison.

Missing from the official statements, however, was the fact that it was the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau to whom the track had first turned for assistance and that it was TRPB agents in New York and Miami who dug into their own thick files and turned over to the FBI the leads which resulted in the arrest. The TRPB itself has no arresting power, although its agents are sometimes deputized by local sheriffs to make arrests. The usual TRPB procedure is to gather evidence and then enlist aid of city, county, state or federal agents to make the actual pinch.

FINDING A GUEP

Fourteen years ago, when racing was caught up in the free-spending postwar boom, its leaders decided that public confidence in racing—always a target of whispers and rumors about crooked dealing—had to be enhanced. They decided to establish a self-policing body. FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover (a race-track fan himself) was consulted. He could not take on the job himself, Hoover told them, but he had a man who would do just fine. His name: Spencer J. Drayton. His qualifications: 14 years with the FBI, during which time he served as

continued

agent-in-charge in Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Seattle, as special investigator in Washington and New York and as chief in Chicago.

Drayton knew nothing about racing when he took office in 1946 as the TRPB's first and only president. He learned fast. Operating with a staff of less than 100 men (most of them former FBI agents) on an annual budget of less than \$400,000 (contributed by each of the TRA mem-

and hoodlums are free to go to any sporting spectacle in the country except racing?" He took off his horn-rimmed glasses and smiled faintly. "Not only go to other sports," he added, "but usually get the best seats, too. At a TRA track, if those same guys are lucky enough to get by the gate guards or plainclothesmen, we find them inside and throw them out."

"Known sharpies, crooks and tricksters [see box] are not permitted on TRA tracks. But whenever 30 million

man nature being what it is, a man who has been made a sucker of isn't too anxious to talk about it."

The tout over whom Drayton's men have little or no control—except for warning the better—is the big wheel who operates the mailing-list system without violating U.S. postal regulations. Like most quick money-making schemes, this one is ridiculously simple, and the successful mailing-list tout has been known to gross over \$200,000 a year. Starting with 100,000 names (some solicited from newspaper advertisements, a metropolitan phone book or even by tracing auto registration plates noted at track parking lots), the mailing-list tout may break his "sucker account" into separate lists of 10,000 names each. Then, picking a 10-horse race, he gives each group of 10,000 the name of one of the 10 horses, with instructions for the client to bet \$5, plus an additional \$2 for the tout (the client is trusted to mail winnings to the tout). After the race he has 90,000 unhappy clients and 10,000 happy ones. The 90,000 are set aside for future exploitation. The 10,000 remaining names are now broken down into groups of 1,000 and the same procedure followed, only this time the tout wants his customers to bet \$10, with another \$5 for himself. And so on.

By the time this breakdown-by-tens system has reduced the original 100,000 names to a lonely but unsuspecting 10 bettors they are a pretty joyful lot, having won four straight bets on the advice of a perfect stranger through the mail. In short, they think he's the greatest thing since Houdini, and, furthermore, he's on their side. It is now that the tout gives the 10 survivors his personal attention, often taking them to the track where he seats them in the best available boxes. He drives them around the stables, waving salutations to well-known trainers and discouraging knowledgeably on racing matters. He's now ready to get the big bet out of them: \$1,000 for the client, \$500 for himself. Whatever horse wins, the tout can't lose, and to make doubly sure of this he is not beyond offering to place their bets for them through a book which he himself actually runs.

Any gambling game will always be plagued by such schemes, but the mere that is known about them, says the TRPB, the fewer gullibles will be left to be taken for a ride. **END**

'BEWARES' FOR BETTORS

More for the sporadic track goer than for the sophisticated regular, *Sponsor Drayton* offers some warnings.

1. Tout, alone or in teams, often try to gain your confidence by flashing forged identifying data (i.e., *press's* agent card and will usually claim "inside-visible information" or knowledge of allegedly "fixed" races.
2. Pickpockets prefer Saturdays and holidays, when the crowds are largest. They operate mostly on the upper of the grandstand during the running of a race, when the crowd's attention is focused.
3. Some pickpockets watch for casually carried pari-mutuel tickets. Your tickets should be with your money—and your hands on both.
4. Don't bet the results of a photo finish with a stranger. The stranger could have a confederate on the finish line who signals the real winner before the number is posted.
5. Even for a bargain, never buy a master ticket from a stranger. The ticket

could be counterfeit. If the horse loses, the victim will never know of the fraud perpetrated on him, but if the horse wins and he attempts to cash the ticket he finds himself in trouble.

- 6. Never cash winning tickets for a stranger. Counterfeiters use innocent people to cash their forged materials.
- 7. Don't buy watches or jewelry from a stranger claiming he needs cash in order to get home. His jewelry is probably worth about one-tenth what you will pay for it.
- 8. Attractive lady strangers may volunteer to run bets for you to the windows, then claim to be holding your ticket for good luck. The fact that they have not actually bought a ticket at all becomes apparent only when a selected horse wins at which time the "lady" leaves to collect and never returns.
- 9. Watch out for the three-card monte operator around bus-boarding spots, parking lots and on race trains after the races.

ber tracks, 36 of whom now rely entirely on the TRPB for all track police supervision). Drayton has succeeded in making U.S. Thoroughbred racing the best-policed sport in the world. Constant investigations of alleged stimulations, counterfeiting of mutual tickets and other fraudulent activities have discouraged most practitioners of such rackets. So successful has been the system of lip-tattooing for horse identification that not a single ringer case has turned up at a TRA track since the program went into effect in 1946.

"We've spent 14 years getting rid of the bad actors in racing, and our No. 1 job now is to concentrate on keeping the wrong guys out before they get in," said Drayton recently. "No other sport has any really efficient system of self-policing at all. Do you realize that known gangsters

people handle \$3 billion a year in bets you're going to find out that everyone isn't coming to race tracks straight from Sunday school. After all, banks are still being robbed. There will occasionally be new crooks who gain entrance and who prey on victims."

THE REAL MESSAGE

One of the worst menaces to racing today, says Drayton, is the tout, who is apt to bamboozle or defraud anybody hopeful of winning a bet. The smalltime operator who works the track crowds himself is not much of a problem. His face and methods are usually recognizable to TRPB agents, and if they see the fellow they throw him out. "It might be easier to clear tous off the tracks," says John L. Brennan, New York agent-in-charge, "if we had more cooperation from the victims. Unfortunately, however, bu-



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

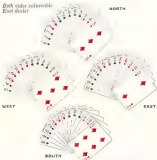
Who makes up those hands?

ALMOST ANYBODY who has read a report of a tournament wants to know: Who makes up the hands? The surer is nobody. The tournament hands you read about are usually dramatic, either in the way they are played or the way they are bid, but they have not been prearranged.

In most tournaments, every hand being played for the first time has been dealt at random. The identical hand, of course, is passed on later to other pairs to test their skill with the same cards. This is done even when no player was able to open the bidding at the table where the hand was dealt. The drama in tournaments, therefore, is quite spontaneous. Of course, there are dull hands, too, but you read of exciting hands because these are the ones bridge writers choose to pass on to you.

There are special occasions when the deals are stacked. I use prearranged deals in my seminars for bridge teachers and advanced pupils. A hand from my Teachers' Convention in New York last year will illustrate the kind of deal they play.

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	1 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: heart king

South's opening one no-trump bid is a standard maximum for that call—18 points in high cards. North has eight points in high cards, plus a five-card suit amply justifying his raise. No matter what bidding system is used, there is no problem in getting to the right contract—one of the prime considerations in making up the hands to be played in a stacked-deal game, for every deal includes a built-in point in the play. If the wrong contract were to be reached or the opening lead came from the "wrong" side of the table, the whole idea of the deal would be spoiled.

With South the declarer, West's normal opening lead is the heart king. As declarer, how would you play for your three no-trump contract?

If you are blessed with only a little knowledge, you know that there is a standard holdup play when the king is led at no trump and declarer holds ace-jack-small. Declarer ducks the first lead; then if the suit is continued by the player on his left, he has two stoppers in the suit.

But this is a case where a little knowledge is dangerous. If you use the standard holdup in the heart suit, you run the risk that West will shift to diamonds, and a diamond shift will beat you. If you take the first diamond trick, when the club finesse loses, West will have another diamond to return. If, instead, you hold up your ace of diamonds, East will shift back to hearts and West's hearts will be established before you can set up your clubs.

Count your tricks and you find that you don't need to win two in hearts; you have four spades, one heart and one diamond for sure, and you can certainly win three in the club suit without losing the lead to the dangerous hand—which will be East if you take the first heart trick.

So you throw away the standard bridge rules you have learned, win the first heart trick with the ace, and go to dummy with a spade to lead the queen of clubs. The finesse is wrong, but that doesn't matter. The defenders cannot prevent you from winning four club tricks which, added to your six sure tricks in the other suits, brings you a comfortable 10 tricks and an easy game.

EXTRA TRICK

Discover for yourself the reasons you are taught to play according to certain rules. If you know, for instance, why you hold up the ace when you have ace-jack-small, you will readily recognize the occasion when it is necessary to make an exception to the general rule.

END

A wet and windy clambake



HOWLING GUESTS of wind at Pebble Beach course blow trousers of former U.S. Open Champion Ed Furgol. Some blasts reached 60 mph, raising havoc with shots.

The usual foul weather at the Crosby pro-amateur failed to dampen a fine golfing party

LAST WEEK, just as they have almost every mid-January for 24 years, the motorcycle and souvenir salesladies and bartenders of Monterey, California happily braced themselves for the "Crosby Clambake"—or, as it is officially known, the National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship. The Crosby of the Clambake is, of course, Bing: actor, crooner, golfer, capitalist, baseball-club owner and celebrated sex symbol. The tournament which Crosby annually stages for his golfing friends has been justly regarded as one of the best golf parties anywhere in the country.

What the Crosby means to Monterey itself (pop. 32,000) is difficult to exaggerate. As the event was getting under way last week, a bartender speculated: "Just off the end of my thumb, I'd figure an average of 16,000 visitors a day for four days—that's 60,000, multiplied by six drinks per person per day. Yes, I'd say the Crosby is worth 360,000 extra drinks to the whole Monterey Peninsula, and most of it's right over the bar at six bits a copy."

The 9,000 Californians who showed up on the first day didn't seem to mind a whit that this year's tournament opened with typical "Crosby weather"—gusty winds up to 60 mph that drove the rain into their faces like splintered glass. But for the golfers it was sheer hell. The wind blew balls off the green. A perfect chip shot might—and did—fly back over the player's own head. On the celebrated 230-yard 16th hole at Cypress Point, one of the three Monterey Peninsula courses used to accommodate the unwieldy field of 150 pros and 150 amateurs, the best golfers in the world didn't even try to hit their tee shots across the roiling ocean to the green. Nevertheless, many of

them still had to use their drivers to reach the fairway, a mere 140 yards away, thereby setting for a bogey 4. Dew Finsterwald, who had a remarkable one-under-par 71 at Cypress on the first day, played the safe detour with a two-iron, but the wind blew the ball back off the fairway, over the cliff and into the sea 80 feet below. Only two of 100 players on violent Thursday played the 16th in par.

A ROAD BACK IN TOWN

Back in town that evening at the popular spots like Gallatin's, The Outrigger, the Spindrift and The Giza, there was at least a two-hour wait for a table for dinner. In the taproom at the Del Monte Lodge, the undulating roar of seistering came in two volumes—loud and louder. It was like the bedlam of a thousand Marx Brothers movies concentrated into one scene.

Most of the jubilation nowadays is confined to the Crosby spectators; the players get to bed. But back in 1937, when Bing started the tournament, the partying was almost as important to the contestants as the golf, and the pros welcomed it as a pleasant break in the routine of the winter tour. "I can remember," says one oldtimer, "when it was almost a ritual to stay up all night and talk about golf, women, liquor and the movie business. We'd get to that ice dog-tired the next day, but what the hell, so was the other guy. No more. Now this is just another stop on the tour for most of us, and as pros we're damn mad when we're paired with an amateur who can't play in the wind and rain, or who goes out and gets drunk."

The amateurs in the Crosby are well aware of this attitude, and most of them take their golf more seriously than they used to. A 10 o'clock bed check at the El Padre Hotel on Friday night showed that Julius Boros and his amateur partner, TV Producer Don Schwab, who were in strong contention for the pro-am prize, were already sound asleep. This was a far cry from the old days when Francis Brown, a Honolulu millionaire, arrived at the first tee without having gone to bed. His young pro partner grumbled slightly, so Brown reached

rested and

Photographs by Phil Roth

ROLLING SURF poses natural hazard for Raulter Hugh Sill on Pebble's 18th hole.



into his wallet and pulled out a \$1,000 bill. "Here," he said, handing the note to the pro, "that's top money for the pro-amateur. Now let's have some fun."

The principal reason for the growing intensity of the Crosby competition is money. The first Crosby at the Rancho Santa Fe was a short 36-hole event, and Bing's prize money was

only \$1,000. Nowadays Bing puts up \$15,000, and the TV sponsor (Oldemobile the past two years) adds another \$35,000 for a total purse of \$50,000—70% for the pros and 30% for the pro-am winners.

Although he would be the last to admit it publicly, it is well known that Crosby has lost much of his enthusiasm for the tournament and the once-joyous party that winds it up on Sunday night. But in recent years

Crosby has donated all receipts—approximately \$140,000 this year—to local charities. In other words, the Crosby has become a valuable community institution, and it would be a serious blow to the local charities if Bing were to discontinue it.

Whatever the headaches for Bing, there is hardly an amateur golfer in the country who wouldn't give his eyetooth for one of the precious bids to the Crosby. The Hollywood people,

GUY MADISON



FRED MACMURRAY



BOB LEMON



BURT LANCASTER



ALLIE REYNOLDS AND PETE SAUNDY



JOHN RAFT



for instance, value an invitation to the Crosby as highly as an Oscar. And there is the story of the New Yorker whose wife decided to teach him a lesson in family feuding by destroying his invitation to the Crosby when it arrived in the mail. For weeks he moped around the house, too proud to phone Bing and too depressed even to engage in the nightly arguments with his wife. When the tournament was over and the wife

finally admitted what she had done, the fellow immediately instituted divorce proceedings.

By the end of the fourth and final day of last week's Crosby, Bing was able to tell a national TV audience that never had this or any other tournament had such horrid weather. Even Ken Venturi, who is generally conceded to "own" the long and grueling Pebble Beach course on which the final round is always

played, had to scramble to get home in 77. But with everyone else in the same damp fix, Venturi's 5 over par was good enough for a four-day total of 286 and the first-place money of \$4,000. The pro-amateur best ball prize went to Pro Bud Ward, the 1939 and 1941 national amateur champion, and Bob Silvestri, a leading amateur in the San Francisco area, with a 26 under par of 262 for the four rounds.

AND

LEFTY O'DUL



LEONARD FIRESTONE

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Tip from the Top

FRED NOVAK, St. Andrews Golf Club, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Starting with the left foot

WHEN you are at a course with weekend golfers, you are struck by the high percentage of players who swing at the ball and in the same motion let their whole weight shift back. They want to hit through, we know that, but they simply can't. Because of what has gone before in their swing, they have lost the means to follow through.

Too many golfers make the mistake of taking the club back with their hands only. They want to hit the ball really hard. You can see it in their shoulders. But that is exactly where they defeat their purpose. As the hands whip the club back, the left knee sags out and the player stiffens his left leg. On the downswing, consequently, the left leg tips him back toward the right just as he begins to straighten the leg. He is forced finally to swirl his body feebly around and lash at the ball as he falls back. He's trapped.

The correct execution of a golf swing depends on the timing of the hands and feet. They should go back as one piece. The golfer will put himself on the right track if he realizes that the left foot actually starts the swing. Specifically, it is a steady push from the outside toward the inside of the left leg. The push starts the hands and arms moving back, and with the correct synchronization. When you swing down to hit the ball you will be on balance and completely relaxed. If you begin with your feet and hands together, they will stay together in your swing.



NEXT TIP: H'f's Shift to as tracking the long iron

The ladies and the sailfish

In an unusual fishing contest men could only watch while the girls showed them how

IN the blue-green waters off Florida's Palm Beaches last month a group of anglers gathered for what is perhaps the most unusual fishing contest in America. The event was the 7th Annual Sailfish Tournament of the International Women's Fishing Association, and the contestants had traveled across the continent to catch fish but not to keep them. Most were trying to make their scores on the lightest possible tackle, as light as six-pound test monofilament; and all were out to show the male world, which has long excluded women from fishing competition, that the International Women's Fishing Association was ready to compete with anyone.

The IWFA, whose members come from 28 states and five foreign countries, is not, however, a suffragette movement. It is made up of more than 500 serious anglers who, in the five years since the organization was formed, have developed some strong principles on fishing.

Most important is conservation. The IWFA stipulates that to be eligible in a tournament a sailfish must be released alive after being officially caught. Since a sailfish, though one of the gamest fighters, is too rich for most people's taste, the IWFA believes that unless the fish appears to be of world-record size, there is no justification for bringing it back to a dock where it will be photographed and then wasted.

To encourage its members to release fish, both in tournament and everyday angling, the IWFA has set up official scoring rules, based on the honor system, in which points are awarded not on the basis of size but on the lightness of tackle used. An Atlantic sailfish caught and then released on 12-pound test line is worth 498 points, or more than twice as



WISHER Sharon Rising caught and released five fish to score first in contest.

much as one taken on 50-pound line.

As the IWFA has grown, the use of very light tackle has become more and more popular, and it has without question decided the outcome of recent competitions. In 1978 Mrs. Dorothea Lincoln Dean of Cohasset, Mass. stayed with her 10-pound line and eventually won the tournament although several women, who had switched back to heavier tackle because of rough weather, got more fish.

Mrs. Dean almost did it again last month, using the lightest tackle ever tried in an IWFA billfish contest. Perfect fishing weather gave the ladies an opportunity to try their skill on really light lines. Three women caught five sails each during the tournament, but the highest number of points was scored by Mrs. Sharon Rising of Marathon, who was by taking hers on 12-pound line. Mrs. Dean, on the other hand, using six-pound test line, came in second with only three fish.

In the calm seas, six-pound line, while increasing the odds against the angler, was a plausible if daring choice for Mrs. Dean. "It made angling skill most important," says Mrs. LaMont Albertson, "but tackle is getting so light that we are beginning to scare off members who might otherwise enter the tournaments."



WOUND-UP Dorothea Dean fished with lightest tackle ever used in tournament.

This may eventually present a problem, but the basic purpose of IWFA tournaments is to test angling skill, and very light tackle, while it certainly separates the novices from the expert, is the logical means of testing it.

I tried my hand at it, too, and I was surprised. In three days of continuous fishing I lost six sails on 10-pound line before bringing my first alongside. All six might have been caught by an experienced angler, and with each mistake my respect increased for the women fishing the tournament. When finally the seventh sail was officially caught and released, I was soaking wet, there was a foot of water in the cockpit, a callus across my left palm and an ounce of salt water in the wories of my watch. But the important fact was that I had whipped this fish, not by luck or strength but by careful manipulation of a wisp of monofilament.

This, of course, is just what the IWFA has been trying to prove, and its success so far has earned the organization an excellent reputation. "We have matured a great deal in five years," says IWFA Chairman Virginia Sherwood. "Next winter we are taking the tournament to Acapulco because we are ready now to show the world that the IWFA can hold its own anywhere."

END

THE FORGOTTEN

In five fabulous and endearing automobiles, the author learned that just plain driving could—and still can—be fine sport

by A. W. MILLER

ASPORT that most of us have long forgotten but which still has its zest and allure is the game of automobile driving. I don't mean driving a sports car in races and rallies. That's a specialized business too rich for the layman's blood and emotions. I mean plain, everyday driving with the everyday family car.

We don't really do it any more, and more's the pity, because it is a game of fun and skill at which any number can play, even in today's traffic, which for most of us has become just a matter of high blood pressure and low language. I know, because I played the game myself for years.

I played the game according to rules of my own devising, and they would still apply. Competition in traffic isn't, or shouldn't be, a fender-bending contest but an intellectual exercise, like chess. In any traffic situation, at any given time, there is one place where you ought to be, and if you analyze the pattern correctly and think far enough ahead, you'll be in it and no one will be able to take you. It is against the rules of my game (to say nothing of being dangerous) to jump lights, chivy pedestrians or make other drivers slam on their brakes. The real point of the game is to utilize the space that no one else is using at the moment, and to do it so adroitly that you keep moving ahead of the less skillful players.

It is true that it is difficult to play the game today, not only because there is so much traffic but because all the cars on the road, sports cars excepted, are within about 10% of each other in acceleration, speed and maneuverability. But the challenge is still there, and the imaginative and resourceful driver can find plenty of offbeat avenues and cross streets, away from the big arteries, on which he can exercise his skill and save time as well. In city driving, the direct route is by no means always the shortest, and there is still a lot of fun left in finding your own secret way to get where you want to go.

And what fun it can be! To me, back in the '30s, it was more relaxing than whisky to come out of my office on the tip of Manhattan, all adrenalized up from a rough day, and drive uptown at 30 miles an hour through the heavy trucking on the New York waterfront and across to Central Park West, which had progressive traffic lights. If I could get on it just ahead of a red light I



A WORLD-WAR I French Panhard ambulance started the author on his driving career. Learning by doing in the remarkable intricacies of wartime Paris traffic, he soon became an artist at swift maneuvering and the rare skill of nighttime sky driving.

FUN OF DRIVING

could hold a steady 85 and get all the way up across 116th Street, where the park ends, just before I caught up with the red light ahead of me. That took me directly onto Eighth Avenue, which had no lights at all in those days. I would weave in and out of the El pillars and the trucks and, believe me, I had to concentrate until I got to Yankee Stadium, around 161st Street. But then I could relax, light my pipe and enjoy the easy going on my secret, deserted route to the Hutchinson River Parkway. Between my office and the city line I had only seven traffic lights to go through, counting the progressive lights as one. Those were the good old days!

My partner on those trips was my Model A Ford, the best car I ever owned. My automotive enthusiasms have been many in the course of 49 years, but five stand out in retrospect, for I learned about driving from them. They were, in succession, a Panhard ambulance in World War I, a Model T Ford in which I carried my wounded after the Panhard gave out, a Porter, a Chandler and the Model A.

I HAD NEVER so much as ridden in an automobile until I went to France in 1918, being a militia horse gunner who derided cars. But the Panhard was a fine car, and once I had mastered her four-speed, gate-type gearshift and got used to maneuvering her big 12-seater ambulance body around the blacked-out streets of Paris I didn't care if I never saw a horse again.

France was where I really learned to drive, and France had a great deal to teach me. The traffic in Paris was loaded with trucks and taxis and staff cars and bicycles; the roads at the front were crowded with vehicles of every description. Aside from dealing with this kind of traffic and the wild drivers in it, there were other things, too.

For instance, I learned to sky-drive on the Panhard, an almost forgotten art that often has proved useful. Even in a blacked-out city there is a little luminosity, and on clear nights I could guide myself by watching the strip of sky showing between the turrets or roofs on either side. It was always exciting, and sometimes downright heart-stopping. Once while cutting across the Etoile during an air raid I very nearly rucked up the Panhard. A group of workmen was doing some last-minute sandbagging around the Arc de Triomphe, and just in time I saw a man walk across my unlit path. I passed behind him, leaving plenty of room for him but not for the 16-foot plank that I couldn't see on his shoulder. The Panhard had a roof over the driver supported by two sturdy irons (no windshield, of course), and next morning I found that the plank had hit them right at the level of my eyes, a night-driving

continued



A Model A was my Chevy. I used to commute with the good rotation in daily commuting runs and occasional folding trips. Here he stands beside the car in familiar garb of Great Britain: he has once-Lantern under trunks of Spauld Grey, Florida.

hazard, which, like the granite monuments that decorate so many Paris traffic circles, I included in my calculations thereafter.

After six months in Paris we were ordered to the front, and there we got the most amazing vehicle ever made, the comical little roller skate that the French first harried from the combat area for fear it would break down and ultimately strolled as the one automobile that wouldn't: the vulgar vehicle, butt of a million jokes, that nevertheless led the whole world into new industrial, economic and social areas—the Model T Ford.

THE Model T probably had more things wrong with it than any other mechanical contrivance ever made in quantity, but they were wrong on purpose, so that there would be one thing right. In an age when no automobile was really dependable, one could rely on the T because she always ran. She ran with pistons so slack you could drop a nickel past them, valve clearances set by eye, ignition timed by sighting alongside a ballhead and spark-plugs drenched with oil; and she'd do it on anything from powdered coal to Campbell's Soup. You could run her a mile without water and then fill her up without cracking the block; you could coax her along all day on three cylinders, and if a wheel collapsed you could bring her in on a fence-rail skid. When the gas got too low to feed on a steep grade you could go backwards, and if the brake burned out you could come down on the reverse pedal. And in an era when every other kind of electrical automotive equipment was a curse and a blight on mankind, the low-tension magneto built into the Ford flywheel ran safe and undauntedly, submerged in the engine oil.

I had a lot of fun with my Model T, but my last adventure with her is most vivid in memory. It was in the Vosges Mountains when we were on our way to the Rhine with the French army of occupation. It was twilight, the T had no headlights and I was some distance from our base. My lieutenant came along in his touring car and offered to lead me home. He had lights.

The touring car was faster than the T, and the loopy was too green a

driver to understand that when he went around a turn he left me in the dark, so I had to feel my way. When I topped a hill I saw him three bends ahead and going away. I just had to get back on his tail, so I pulled down the spark and gas handles and started sky-driving. I soon came to a place where the road appeared to drop down and turn sharp left into a notch between two big mountains. I couldn't see the turn, but it had to be

40 miles an hour, and that heavy tail swinging in a half-circle was too much for her.

She started to roll, half-corner-rolling, flipping her tail high in the air. Down she went on her side, with a crash of loose tools; up onto her roof while the floor boards dropped down on my legs; and over onto her other side. The canvas hood above the driver's seat collapsed over my head, and I shot out of the tangle



PROUDLY REPAINTED IN BATTLE LINE, MODEL T FORDS OF WORLD WAR I ROLL FROM

there. The tough part was that I had to estimate just where.

I watched the edge of that left-hand mountain, sharp against the sky, come back and back until it was opposite my left elbow. "Now!" I told myself firmly, and turned left. It was the greatest and the most difficult act of faith in myself that I have ever performed.

I almost made it; I missed by only a foot. My left wheels scalped the base of the mountain for 30 feet before I could wrench the car out of the ditch and back onto the road. But the drop had bent the wishbone and made the car uncontrollable; she shot straight across the road into the opposite ditch. I stayed with her and wrestled her back onto the road a second time, but I was doing about

like a flushed grouse as soon as the car stopped rolling. I was eating beans by lantern light when the loopy came back looking for me.

The head-high front wall of the body was what saved my hide, which explains why to this day I like a steel roof and plenty of good strong vertical body pillars. I don't care for the current engineering practice of figuring in the window glass as part of the supporting structure of the car. I keep remembering those floor boards.

After the war a couple of elderly Model Ts convinced me that different conditions demanded a different car. At the front in France the primitive simplicity and low power of the Model T had made it invincibly reliable and durable, and that was what counted there. But in the United

States longer distances and heavier traffic put the emphasis on speed and pickup. To me, as to every novice, that most brute horsepower. I was in that frame of mind when, one day in 1921, I met the automobile that almost took me to perdition.

It came about when the Franklin dealer in New York got the idea of taking in trade all the expensive foreign cars that for years had been on blocks in the garages of Long Island

an of whom the palmist tells. She looked like a lady, and a grand one at that, but she wasn't; she was the discarded mistress of a wealthy man who must have loved her dearly, for he had paid at least \$10,000 for her, a lot of money in those days.

She sat there on the showroom floor and just looked at me, beautiful and bad beyond all telling. They raised the hood for me, and when I saw what

biggest Packard rated at 75. In 1927 an automobile engine of 170 horsepower was fantastic.

She was big—heavens, she was big. She had a nickel-silver Rolls-Royce sort of radiator shell, and nickel-silver Mercedes-type headlights as big as washbasins. Her 25-inch wheels had been cut down for the new balloon tires. She had a hand-made, aluminum, custom-designed Brewster body that after six or seven years was still in the height of style, even to its fashionable maroon color, and the whole car was a miracle of taste and luxury. It was the most beautiful automobile I had ever seen, and I could say the same today.

She was brought to the curb for me by a dried-up Texan, a former Army tank driver who couldn't have weighed 150 pounds with a Stilson wrench in his hand. He put his arms around the big steering wheel, and took me for a ride up Eighth Avenue that I shall never forget. At 50 miles an hour that Porter soaked back and forth between the El pillars like a slot-racer, and whipped around moving trucks as if she had been a bicycle instead of a car weighing about 6,000 pounds. Her acceleration through gears plastered me back against the seat, and I felt in the pit of my stomach, rather than heard, the muted thunder of an exhaust as deep-toned as the whistle of the *Lerionth*.

We went into Central Park and I took the wheel. I am always polite to strange women, and in this case particularly I didn't feel like getting gay with a four-speed, gate-type, crash gearbox that had so much power ahead of it and so much weight behind it. But I confirmed what I had suspected from the silliness of the car—that the steering was lightning-fast, maybe $2\frac{1}{2}$ turns to lock, and heavy; on those eight-inch balloons you really had to haul on it. I found, too, that no great thought had been given to ways of stopping the car. While this road locomotive had 170 horsepower in the go department, all it had in the stop department was a 14-inch steel-on-cast-iron transmission brake, and hand brakes on the rear wheels.

According to the Texan, no one had had either serve or road space enough to find out what she could do is high, but she'd do a speedometer 70 in third, and she wouldn't even shift into high below 60. This meant that

continued



THE MOTOR POOL BOY AND THE FIGHTING LINES WHERE I MET HER AND A LEGEND

retard because other dealers wouldn't have them at any price. In no time at all he had a couple of floors full of the most gorgeously colorful, exotic junk that ever caressed eyes aching from the monotony of the black, homely, slab-sided American cars of that day. In this coruscating mixed bag there were two Porters, a marquis which no one remembers now because less than a hundred were ever made and those only in 1920 (the manufacturer went bankrupt in 1922).

This Franklin dealer advertised his Porters (a touring car and a sedan) for \$790 apiece. The touring car didn't interest me, but when I set eyes on that sedan it stopped me dead. Here, personified in an automobile, was the wicked woman

was beneath it I started to sweat and tremble. For there was an incredible, tremendous engine that reminded me of nothing so much as the huge Maybachs in a German Gotha bomber.

The bottom of the crankcase cleared the floor by six inches, and the overhead camshaft cover came up to my elbows. It had an intake manifold like a stovepipe and a carburetor bowl like a water bucket. The cylinder bore was almost five inches, and the stroke must have been close to seven, for I know that this four-banger displaced 448 cubic inches, or over seven liters. I have seen the horsepower given as 170 at 2,500 rpm, which is not impressive now when every bracket of bolts claims more than 200; but in the early 1920s the

there might be a small problem in Bergen County, New Jersey, where I then lived and where the speed limit was 40 miles an hour. Another small problem was suggested when the Texan discreetly intimated that the gaso-line mileage in town was about four to the gallon.

I SAID I'd be back the next day, and went home with my head spinning. I was a married man with three children, and I could see just how far my \$75 a week would take me with that redhead. But at the moment I didn't care. I did, however, wonder what would happen when my wife met this temptress who was going to turn our home into a harem.

I found out in a hurry the next day. My wife climbed in behind the steering wheel, remarked that the top of it was higher than the top of her head, climbed out and took a good firm grip on my coat tails. Thus was another good man hauled off the road to hell by a small, determined spouse.

The Porter, I later learned, was sold for a tow car.

I bought a Chandler Royal which had a straight-eight engine with

A PORTER ALIVE?

Two years ago Robert B. Powner who, with his father Finley R., designed and manufactured the car, told me he had seen a real live Porter in the streets of Plainfield, N.J. "Looked in good shape, too," he says. Unfortunately, when he tried to follow this apparition he lost it in traffic.

If any reader knows who owns (or owned, if it is no longer running) this indubitably last of the fabulous Powner, the information will be gratefully received by

A.W.M.

cylinders as big as flour barrels—314 by 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —that developed 94 horsepower. Compared to the Porter it always seemed to me like a small car, for it had a 118-inch wheelbase instead of 142 inches. But the pounds-per-horsepower figured out about the

same, and the Chandler had a rousing pickup that put it in a class by itself. Although she rode like a field gun, she'd do 70 over the worst roads if you were man enough to keep your foot down. She'd cruise wide-open all day, and if you didn't mind the beating she gave you, you could really score with her. That car taught me how to drive over the road.

That Chandler was even a good-looking car, so well-proportioned that she didn't look her size and weight; but she wasn't really a good car. There was always something the matter with her.

FOR a time she took to breaking a fan belt a week, and I never discovered what started and then finally stopped it. The cylinder head warped, and she blew out head gaskets regularly. The front-wheel brakes were just for advertising and supposed to be kept too loose really to hold. I found a man who could adjust them, and then she would stop on a dime, but I had to have it done every 500 miles. But the worst thing

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was something I never saw before or since. Inside the distributor were two little weights which span round and round, spreading out or closing in as the engine speed changed. The spring on this "automatic spark advance" would weaken every so often, and when I went fast, the weights would fly out until they touched and gripped the distributor shell. This would shear off a soft metal pin that fastened the distributor driving gear, and then the spark would get out of step with the valves and the engine would stop firing. The muffler, big as a household hot-water boiler, would fill with unburned gas. Then the distributor would throw a random spark, there would be a terrific bang, and the muffler would burst open like a tight vest. The Chandler's trouble was that she tried to do the impossible. She was years ahead of her time in many ways, but the design and metalurgy that she really needed just weren't there.

It was a lead off my mind as well as my pocketbook when I sold the Chandler. And yet, I can't forget that when the light turned green she could leap like a tiger and pass a taxicab stopped a block ahead of me before it could cross its own intersection. She was almost a great car.

Twas Chandler's successor, though, that was truly great, and the day that car was born is still a milestone in the automotive history of America. This was the Model A Ford, the long-awaited successor to the Model T that Henry had been turning out for 18 years. In the six months that Henry shut down for the changeover about a million car buyers just didn't buy, but waited for the Model A. Long before it appeared (late in 1927), the wildest rumors were rife and every strange-looking vehicle was suspected of being a test car in multi. One of my auto-salesmen friends who was taking an Isotta-Fraschini to Boston parked it outside a lunch wagon, and when the bystanders asked the make of that long, low, racy, glittering, wickedly sumptuous and terrifically expensive job, he told them, confidentially, that it was the new Model A.

"They not only believed me," he told me with awe, "but were a bit disappointed with it."

What really won the public heart for the Model A was a publicity stunt that made every front page and



THE HENRY FORD FORTER, NOW FORTIFECT, ALMOST AS REGULAR TO PERFECTION

wagged every tongue in the United States. A Brooklyn Ford dealer got Hensell pinched for doing 45 miles an hour in a Model A, and explained to the judge (and reporters) that he hadn't realized he was going so fast because he had been in second gear!

That had a stunning impact in 1928, because there were practically no cars on the dealer's floor that could turn a stop watch 60 mph or accelerate much faster than a horse-drawn wagon. People still thought in terms of long touring runs—weight and wheelbase, and an engine that could "take any hill in high." Second gear was just an inconvenience which knowing drivers bypassed until the Model A made it the maneuvering gear.

Ford's secret, of course, was light weight. He substituted strength and balance and engineering for cast iron, and got a power-to-weight ratio at road speeds that no other American

car could approach. The kind of engines that the clumsy cars of that day would have needed to equal the performance of the Model A just didn't exist.

Thus, in its day, the Model A Ford was the best-performing stock automobile in America. It could do anything that any other car could do, a lot that no other could, and it could keep on doing it indefinitely. The last of the A's was made in 1931, 29 years ago, and they are so much in demand even today that a good one will fetch its original price and more.

The Model A is still, I maintain, the finest all-round automobile ever built. It had power enough to go anywhere in America and return; all the speed anyone could reasonably use; matchless roadability on turns and rough going, and utter reliability. When it did break down, it was easy to fix;



THE CHANDLER-EDIN, ALMOST A GREAT CAR, HAD DEFECTS FAR AHEAD OF ITS TIME

whenever I see a mechanic changing a sparkplug on a modern car with his rump in the air and his head buried in the engine, I remember how merely raising the hood of a Model A revealed the carburetor, distributor, sparkplugs, valve chamber and both manifolds—in plain view and within easy reach.

Furthermore, while the Model T, for all its virtues, had been what my dignified old boss called "a vulgar car" the Model A had style. The *juvenile* drove took the Model A to its heart and in many a wealthy household there was a daily scramble for it, with the loser getting the big limousine. There were even Model A town cars, a conveyance which of course demanded a uniformed chauffeur.

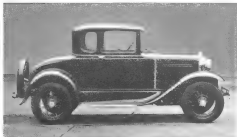
the day, say, 160 miles. Weekends, I'd go to the Beaver Kill, about 300 miles for the round trip, but if my wife or one of the kids were along, I'd have to take them home Saturday night for church and Sunday school and return alone to the stream, making 600 miles for the weekend. In the long New York trout season, that mounted up.

But all that sort of thing was just "business" driving—going somewhere. For relaxation, as well as to break in my numerous cars, I drove to work, 57 miles each way. And that was fun, for much of it was in traffic, where acceleration counted. That was when the A and I really went dancing. Thirty years ago, the Model A was further ahead of all the others than a supercharged Mercedes racer would be today.

that went through the traffic as if it weren't there. That, by the way, is almost literally true. I could make just about as good time through Manhattan by day as when I sometimes drove home at 3 a.m., with the streets deserted and the traffic lights turned off.

I believe that traffic moving steadily has a rhythm which follows some complex mathematical formula, a sort of harmonic which is the product of every car's course, speed and position. Every driver has had the experience of being "on the wrong foot," so that he dives into one tangle after another, is continually cut off and forced to use his brakes and always swings the wrong way. But when he is "with it"—in the rhythm—he can take a steady pace faster than the traffic around him and go through it effortlessly. In the 16 years when, once a month, I drove to Pittsburgh one night and back the next, over the Lincoln Highway, I could ham *Ten for Two* and always get on the beat.

But I never could do it as well with any of my later Ford V-8s as I did with my last Model A. The V-8s were good cars—they'd even run on kerosene, as I proved during the war—but they weren't a patch on the Model A coupe that my fishing cronies called *The Black Avenger*. That was the perfect one-man car (and the best way to drive—or fish—is alone). She was really a part of me; I could feel the road through the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands when I was driving her. She could corner faster than any car I ever saw, and she could shake off any car at accelerating right up to the legal speed limit.



THE MODEL A FORD, VISIBLE AND DEPENDABLE, WAS AT HOME QUEEN OF THE ROAD

When the Model A came along, I adopted, so to speak, the morals of the Flapper Age and went in for glacial wives and quick divorces. I kept two A's at a time and traded them in at 10,000 miles, or, say, twice a year, when the tires began to show wear. That figures out to 40,000 miles of driving a year, and for years that's about what we did—30,000 for me and 10,000 for my wife. Because now I had a car to go fishing, I was so busy in the office that vacations were short and few, but some of us leased a little stream over in Jersey, and in the May fly season I'd drive over there after work, four or five nights a week, fish until 10 o'clock, and then drive home to Connecticut; total for

Sometimes, when I worked late, I'd go home through the theatrical district as the shows were letting out, and have a diverting half hour jockeying with the taxis; or I'd pick up a newspaper delivery truck and have a friendly go with it. These drivers were very good and had an advantage because their papers had a stand-in with the cops, but once they found you couldn't be bluffing they were quite sporting.

This city driving wasn't a fair contest really, and my victories were only partly skill. It was the ability of the A to pick up fast, stop quickly, dodge nimbly and fit into small spaces between big cars that made her the absolute monarch of traffic—a car

THE days of *The Black Avenger* are gone forever, for never again will there be a car so far ahead of all the others as the Model A was in her time. But I enjoy the memory of them, for I have now retired from competition. Like every man of my age, I cherish the conviction that I am as good as I ever was; but I am much too smart to try and prove it. So, like Zog and Farsuk and other ex-rulers, I live quietly with my modern handmaidens—a '31 Ford, a frisky dowager of a '41 Lincoln Zephyr and a cute little '42 two-cylinder Crosley for easy parking at the railroad station.

But I love to remember that I was a king once, the king of New York is my Model A Ford. END

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BASKETBALL: NOT-EG-MAD HATFER

Sir:

In your January 11th issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Jeremiah Tax did a fine story on Jerry Lucas, the outstanding sophomore from Ohio State.

He also listed a number of other sophomore standouts in the collegiate ranks. I noticed that he had left out a talented sophomore, Terry Diefinger of Purdue.

Although a 6-foot-5½" center-forward, Terry handles himself like a 4-foot guard. He is better than average on defense and is aggressive enough to score many of his baskets after following up his own shots.

If the match between Lucas and "Big Dick" in the Ohio State-Purdue game doesn't prove Terry's tremendous all-around ability, then I will eat the hat I am throwing in the ring as Terry's consolation for rookie of the year.

Don Wintrobe

West Lafayette, Ind.

● See page 4.—ED.



"BIG DICK" DIERINGER

WHAT DISTANCE RUNNING TAKES

Sir:

It has been my pleasure and good fortune to coach Bill Dellinger, a national mile and two-mile champion; Ken Reiser, a national champion in the two-mile and steeplechase; and Jim Bailey, a national mile champion; Jim Grelle, a national mile champion; and David Barthes, who might be the best of all. Other than Jim Bailey, from Australia, these young men

are all from Oregon. I feel that your readers might be interested not only in the controversy of whether or not foreign students of physical maturity should compete in U.S. collegiate competition (SPORTS & DISCOVERY, Dec. 7 and Jan. 18) but also in the reasons why U.S. runners have not competed successfully with those from European countries.

In the Olympic Games of the past 20 years, the U.S. produced only two men capable of competing favorably with "world class" distance runners. In 1902 Ralph Hill, age 23, and one year out of the University of Oregon, ran almost a dead heat with the winner in the 5,000 meters. Twenty years later in Helsinki, Hovasse Aderfer, age 23, and three years out of Penn State, won the gold medal in the 3,000-meter steeplechase. No effort is intended to the many American runners who had almost reached physical maturity when they hung up their spikes.

In the rich tradition of competition and athletics in the United States, we have produced numerous medal winners in the sprints, hurdles, jumps and throws. If, as has been established fairly well by the record, there are more good coaches in colleges and high schools in this country than in the rest of the world, why do we not measure up in the runs?

Until very recently, it was the opinion of many parents that runs as long as a half mile or a mile might cause physical injury. Dr. Ernst Jodel, University of Kentucky, and several others, have established that there are only two reasons for not practicing or competing in any physical activity, whether it be running, football, or any of the multitude of sports: 1) a physical defect with which a person is born; 2) any kind of infection.

In the past 10 years, youngsters in grade school and high school have taken to cross-country by the thousands. The result can be seen in the phenomenal schoolboy mile times that are turned in.

Is this bad for their health? A study of the comparative longevity of college and football players reveals that the runners outlive the football players by 11 years. The study further shows that all of the runners lived beyond 55 but one, who was run over by a train. Only one died of a heart attack, and not until the age of 88.

If statistics mean anything, the real reason our runners have not competed on an equal basis with those outside the United States is that they are too young. In 1959 the average age of the top 25 European runners and three-milers was 29 years. The average age of the top 25 U.S. runners and three-milers is 22 years.

Our best runners have feared it almost impossible to continue competing after graduation from their universities. A run-

ner who goes into teaching and coaches is barred from amateur competition. (An amendment to this rule was proposed at the December 1959 AAU meeting and turned down.)

It is "unfashionable" for young men in business to continue serious competition and training. A very few of our so-called athletic clubs encourage representation by their members. At one time, it was the practice of athletic clubs to endeavor, and to award a life membership to an individual or team champion.

As Bruce Hamilton, University of California, and Olympic Track Coach 1952, said to Jim Kelley, University of Minnesota, and Olympic Track Coach 1954, "When the Bill Dellingers of Oregon and Max Traenkle of Southern California in competition until they are 50, then we will do as well in the runs as in the rest of track and field."

W. J. (BILL) BROWDERMAN
President, National Collegiate Track
Coaches Association

Eugene, Ore.

THE SWEDISH BASKETBALL TEAM

Sir:

The Swedish basketball team accomplished something that many other foreign teams have failed to accomplish: they reached our shores (SPORTS & DISCOVERY, Jan. 11). Other teams have been discouraged in the face of AAU apathy, indifference or reluctance to admit them to play here. The Russian team had a previous visit canceled by the AAU. It took action by both governments to arrange the recent exchange. France and Italy both desired teams in this pre-Olympic year, and the Poles have been trying for four years. Although the Swedes were unable to play, they deserve recognition for getting a foothold on our shores.

The most tragic aspect of the case was that no college dared to circumvent the AAU ban. The AAU has no jurisdiction over the colleges. If our colleges had the courage to defy the ban, all of the colleges would have played. Does anyone think the AAU could or would enforce any action against them?

This recent act by the AAU proves again the need in the U.S. to organize our sports along federation lines and get in step with the rest of the sports world. In other lands it is as easy to arrange an international tour or intercontinental tour as it is for our colleges to schedule inter-collegiate games. Federations do not promote one game except those involving teams from outside the country.

The Swedish matter is far from settled. It will be discussed at the World Basket-

continued

organization men who cluster around the fame of a world record.

However, at this distance, and from one who traded up the Howqua to its headwaters below Mount Ruiter (no Alp this, a mere 7,000 or so feet), I trust that Mr. Elliott will not reject this retrospective advice. Any good Australian bushman could have told him the same. Don't run barefoot. Always walk dry-shod or, by God, you blower. Hang your boots round your neck when crossing water. Also, that vegetarian goo is no good. Eat trout (with which the Howqua swarms in such myriads that they can be tickled into the pan), whiskey and steak until it becomes smaller than the man carrying it.

Using these methods, I have the honor to say, sir, that I beat Elliott's time distance—59 miles in three days, fourish. Despite my fat feet, no blisters, and because of them, no records either.

ALWYN LEE

New York City

BEAU GESTE

Sir:

In "Facts in the Crowd" of Jan. 4 I read that George Roden, a once-promising Colby halfback, was given an award for sportsmanship as a result of his having received injuries while helping an injured teammate in a game. I have thought this over for several days, and I can't visualize the circumstances in which a player would be hurt while helping another player.

HARRY VANZAN

Phoenix

● In the game against Williams, Colby Halfback George Roden saw that a teammate was shaken up on a scoring play, told the injured player to stay back as safety (Roden's position on kickoffs) while Roden himself went downfield with the kick. Roden brought down the opposing ball carrier, and in the ensuing pileup suffered a shoulder separation that kept him out of play for the rest of his senior season.—ED.

ST. CROIX TO STAMFORD

Sir:

Congratulations on the excellent article by Carleton Mitchell, *New Magic in an America's Cup* (81, Jan. 11). We raised these same heavenly islands last fall and were so carried away we bought *Starvation*, the boat chartered by Mr. Mitchell for his cruise.

ROY and HAROLD MOON
Stamford, Conn.

WONDERFUL TOWN

WONDERFUL TOWN

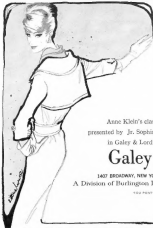
Sir:

We New Yorkers, population of 8 million, can still be proud. For, to make us appear second-best in sports (*The Derelict and Fall of New York*, 81, Jan. 11), you were forced to compare us to the combined achievements of Atlanta, Baltimore, Los Angeles, France and Sweden, with a combined population of 16 million.

In New York we are proud of our sports tradition, which includes fair play. Therefore, we'll take on all comers, but the fair way—one at a time.

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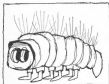
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Pat on the Back



RICHARD HAINLINE JR.

'I love water'

Every swimming instructor worth his pool agrees that you can't start them too young. The pride of Art Mercer, assistant physical director at the Rock Island, Ill. YMCA, is Dick Hainline, a 4-year-old who has been swimming half his life. "From my experience as an instructor," says Mercer, "I would classify him as a prodigy."

When Dick scrambles onto the starting block he looks as though he might get lost in the pool. But when he flattens out in a racing dive and swims 200 yards using crawl, backstroke and breaststroke he looks as much at home as a young porpoise.

Dick is the youngest swimmer ever to pass the 21 water tests that are required to qualify for a "fish" rating in the YMCA's national swimming program. (Among other things, he can swim 100 yards with his feet tied together.) Although he might well grow into a fine competitive swimmer, his parents and coach are eager only for him to enjoy himself. "Swimming at the Y is for fun and exercise," explains Mercer. "We don't allow any pressure to develop."

Says Dick: "I love water. When I can't go to the pool I make my mother fill up the bathtub for me."



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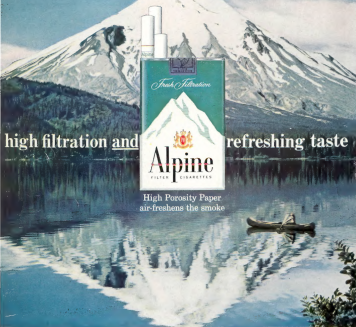
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